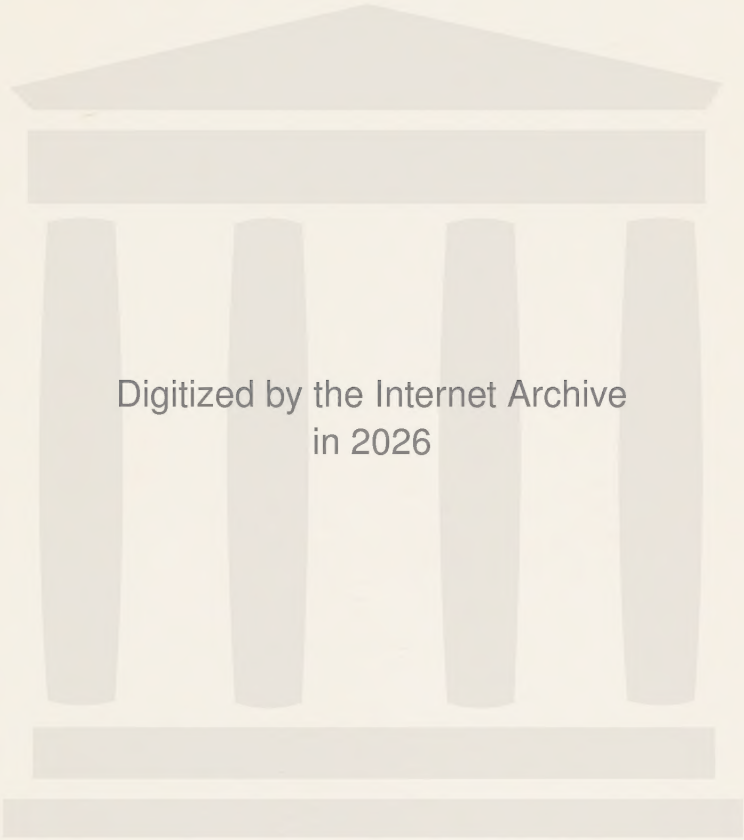
LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/londonassurancec0000dion

Brother Leo

The Yale University Dramatic Association, 1909–1910.

LONDON ASSURANCE

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS

BY

DION L. BOUCICAULT

ACTING VERSION OF

THE YALE UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

(INCORPORATED)

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, PH.D.

Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale University
Honorary Member of the Yale University Dramatic Association

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
PUBLISHED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF
PHILIP ROBERTS, 1910

WITHDRAWN
LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

THE TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR COMPANY,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

9-32667

3541

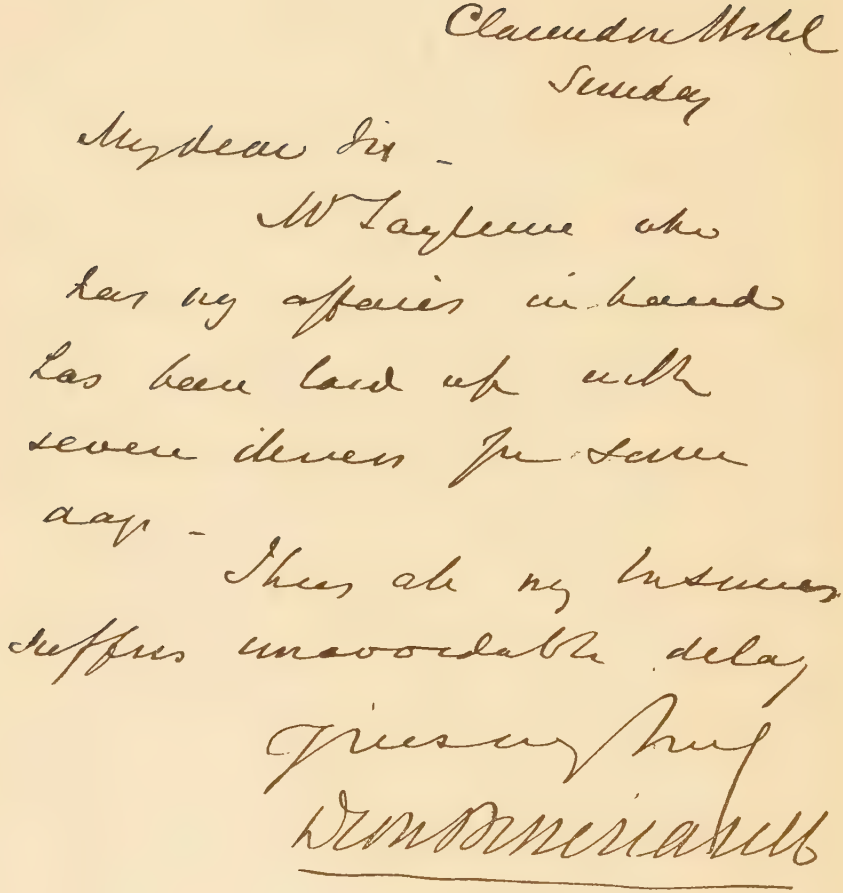
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, ESQ.,

OF LONDON,

WITH ADMIRATION FOR THE DRAMATIST

AND AFFECTION FOR THE MAN


Clarendon Hotel
Sunday

My dear Sir -

Mr Laufrue who has my affairs in hand has been laid up with seven divers for some days - Thus all my business suffers unavoidable delay

Yours truly
Dion Boucicault

(Autograph letter of Dion Boucicault's in possession of Prof. William Lyon Phelps.)

INTRODUCTION.

The Yale University Dramatic Association.

The Association was founded by Henry D. Wescott, Esq., of the class of 1901, and its initial performance was given at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, on the twenty-third of May, in the last year of the last century. On that occasion, memorable in itself and in its subsequently fulfilled promise, the Association produced a dramatic version of Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale,* prepared by Mr. Wescott, and a Mediæval Mystery, *Secunda Pastorum.* The object of this student organization was both dignified and scholarly; no cheap burlesques or so-called "musical comedies," devoid as they usually are, even on the professional stage, of both comedy and music, were to be allowed. This good policy has been generally followed. The Association has given, for the first time in English anywhere in the world, representations of Ibsen's *Pretenders* and of Gogol's *Revizór:* it has revived such plays as Heywood's *The Fair Maid of the West* (first performance in America), Goldsmith's *The Good-Natured Man,* and Sheridan's *Critic.* Since 1905 the Association has given annual performances outside of New Haven; and this year, for the first time, it will play in Washington, the trip being made during the Christmas vacation, to avoid interference with regular college work.

Nearly every year in the past decade has seen something new in the history of the Association. The year 1909 will

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

long be remembered as the period when an open air Commencement play was first undertaken. On the Saturday night preceding Commencement, under the Campus elms, was produced *Merry Wives of Windsor*, with Mr. Parry, '09, as Falstaff. No spectator will ever forget this performance. It was one of the most entertaining and at the same time one of the most impressive dramatic representations ever witnessed in this part of the world. Nor should we forget another great event in the year 1909, when, on the nineteenth of April, Miss Maude Adams brought her entire company from New York, and gave a splendid performance of J. M. Barrie's new play, *What Every Woman Knows*. Every item of expense connected with this production was borne by Miss Adams, and the large receipts were given by her to the Yale University Dramatic Association, to go toward the fund being raised for the proposed University Theatre. The writer has seldom witnessed a dramatic spectacle where there was so much emotion both on the stage and in the auditorium. At the conclusion of the performance, Mr. Parry presented Miss Adams with a suitable token, announcing at the same time that she had been chosen as an Honorary Member of the Association.

In 1907 the Association definitely adopted the policy of publishing their acting version of the play selected, a custom which has been followed by other universities. This gives a certain permanence to the work of the students, and is so well managed by them that no financial loss has as yet resulted. This year, for the Christmas trip and for the Saturday Promenade performances, the Association has decided on a revival of Boucicault's *London Assurance,* a comedy that no undergraduate has ever had an opportunity to witness, but which shines bright in the recollections of

old playgoers. The President of the Association for the present academic year is Mr. T. Lawrason Riggs, who has been successful throughout his college course in the interpretation of feminine rôles, and who at the same time has won the highest honours in scholarship; the Manager, on whom the burden of the practical side of the work falls, is Mr. C. P. Franchot, who, despite the immense labour involved in the business management, has consistently maintained a high standing in the curriculum.

Dion Boucicault.

Boucicault died at New York, on the eighteenth of September, 1890. A few days after his death, Mr. Stephen Fiske remarked, "One of the arguments employed to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's works is that nobody knows anything about Shakespeare, who lived three hundred years ago. Yet here is the Shakespeare of Ireland, who has been with us all these years and who died only last week, and yet nobody knows positively how old he was, where he was born, or who was his father. Shakespeare's name is spelled differently in various documents—another argument in favour of Bacon. But Boucicault's name used to be spelled Bourcicault; he altered it only a few years ago, and it was probably neither Bourcicault or Boucicault when he left Dublin for London, and assumed all the 'London assurance' after which he named his best comedy.

"Another Baconian argument is that nobody knows how Shakespeare got the education which he showed in his plays. Where did Boucicault get his education? He spoke French as fluently as English; his Latin quotations were as pat as his Irish wit. At sixteen years of age he had astonished the world with one of the brightest comedies in any lan-

guage. [This must be taken with a pinch of salt, as "nobody knows positively how old he was."] When and where did he find time to study? After three hundred years, commentators are puzzled by the problem how Shakespeare, a mere lad, just from Stratford-on-Avon, could have written 'Hamlet.' [Another saline solution is required here.] Yet no commentator can explain how Boucicault, a mere boy, fresh from Dublin, could write 'London Assurance'—and Boucicault has not been dead a week.

"But, not to push too curiously a comparison that will suggest itself to everybody, let us add that in personal appearance Boucicault was not unlike the pictures of Shakespeare. He had the same domed head, and some of the qualities inside it. The one great dissimilarity is that Boucicault was not a poet of the first rank, like Shakespeare. But he had the poetry as well as the humour of the Irish. He did for Ireland by his splendid trio of plays—'The Colleen Bawn,' 'Arrah-na-Pogue,' and 'The Shaughraun,'—what Shakespeare did for England in his historical plays."

The life of Boucicault was in fact as romantic as any of his dramas. No one knows when he was born, but like Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, George Moore and W. B. Yeats, he was an Irishman with a French education. Like these other compatriots, he added to his native wit and humour the technical skill that is so often supplied by a good knowledge of French. Where he obtained the necessary training for a dramatic career is absolutely unknown; when he was very young, his comedy *London Assurance* was produced at London, and a few months later, in America, and scored a tremendous hit. Then followed a rapid succession of plays, many of which had a sensational vogue. Eleven years after the appearance of his first play, which he wrote

and produced under the assumed name of Lee Morton, Boucicault made his *début* as an actor. This was on the fourteenth of June, 1852. From this time on, he was one of the most famous actors on the English-speaking stage, excelling particularly in pathos. In 1853 he was married to Miss Agnes Robertson, who had been an actress since she was ten years old, and who was still acting in 1896. Two sons and two daughters of this pair also went on the stage. In the year of his marriage, 1853, he went with his wife to the United States, where they remained until 1860. In 1861 was produced in London his play *The Octoroon,* which was meant to illustrate the evils of slavery in the Southern States, and which had a prolonged success. Perhaps his best work is contained in the three plays quoted above in the extract from Fiske. Mr. William Winter said of him, "The dramas of Boucicault are seldom, if ever, original in plot, but they are often original in action, treatment of incidents, and are bright in dialogue. He has been the means of great improvement and elevation to the Irish drama, having replaced the 'ranting, roaring Irishman,' with stuffed stick and black bottle, by genuine men of the Emerald Isle." One of his greatest services to the cause of the drama, and for which his memory will always be kept green by playwrights, consisted in the fact that it was he who insisted that the dramatist, and not the management, nor the actors, was the *Hauptsache* in a theatrical production. He found that it was customary for the management to give the dramatist a small fee, and none of the profits. He insisted that the playwright should receive a percentage of the receipts, and won his point, winning at the same time immense fortunes for his successors in the field of dramatic composition. Mr. Winter has pointed out one illustration of

the difference in margin caused by this new method. For his play *The Corsican Brothers,* Boucicault received three hundred dollars; in 1866, for *The Flying Scud,* he received thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars! In every way he successfully established the principle that "the play's the thing."

In 1876 he took up his permanent residence in the United States, where, in the language of the *Dictionary of National Biography,* he repudiated his wife and made "other so-called nuptial arrangements, casting on his children an unmerited stigma."

He was an extraordinary person and suffered from a well-defined case of the artistic temperament. He made and squandered fortunes, living like a prince. According to Fiske, "in business, he never knew the value of a contract, and prided himself upon never keeping his word unless he liked. . . . For ten years he ruled the theatrical world of London and New York. 'I am an emperor,' he said, and take what I think best for Art, whether it be a story from a book, a play from the French, an actor from a rival company.'" M. Filon, the distinguished French critic, said, "He was plagiarism incarnate."

In spite of his prodigious and constant successes, he lived to see his dramas called "old-fashioned." In 1882, in his book, *English Dramatists of To-day,* Mr. William Archer refused to give Boucicault a separate chapter, and included him in a prefatory section, called *Playwrights of Yesterday.* "He is no longer a living and effective influence in the dramatic life of the country. He is one of the giants that were—yesterday."

"London Assurance."

The play was first produced at Covent Garden, London, on the fourth of March, 1841. On the eleventh of October of the same year it appeared at the Park Theatre, New York. M. Filon says, "In his first great success, *London Assurance,* you may find not only Goldsmith and Sheridan, but Terence and Plautus, who had reached him by way of Molière . . . He knew no other world than that of the theatre—the world which from eight o'clock till midnight laughs and cries, curses and makes love, dies and murders, under the gaslight, behind three sets of painted canvas." There are many old bucks of sixty-odd to-day who can recall their delight at historic performances of *London Assurance,* and even within thirty years it was commonly seen on the stage. Many Bostonians will remember the excellent presentation of their old favourite by the admirable stock company at the Boston Museum. Mr. Clement Scott did not apparently agree with Mr. Archer that Boucicault was a man of yesterday, for on the second page of the first volume of his extended reminiscences of the drama, he said, "Was it that, about this time, were produced in London, close upon sixty years ago, two plays that have, in spite of the buffets of time, and change, and circumstance, remained stage classics to this hour [1899]; thereby upholding my contention, that a good play with heart and life and humour in it, never failed, and never will fail, except through the fault of its interpreters? I allude, of course, to Bulwer Lytton's 'Money,' presented at the Haymarket Theatre on the 8th of December, 1840, and to Dion Boucicault's 'London Assurance,' which first flashed into notice on the 4th of March, 1841, and started into life one of the brightest and most workmanlike dramatists of our time,

who, in addition to his remarkable technical skill as a playwright, proved himself to be an Irish comedian almost without a rival. . . . I have heard these famous plays, born when I was born, stage classics to this hour, called old fashioned, out of date, and sneered at as the kind of stage work that should be kindly forgotten and forgiven. . . . Do you think that 'London Assurance' would fail with a Farren for a Sir Harcourt Courtly, a Charles Mathews for Dazzle, and a Nisbet for Lady Gay? Perish the thought!"

It would seem then that if the play is intelligently presented, it cannot fail. Those who have seen Yale actors under the spell of Mr. Short's inspiring teaching, may be reasonably certain that *London Assurance* will once more awaken that spontaneous and inextinguishable laughter that made London town resound with its happy echoes sixty-eight years ago.

William Lyon Phelps.

Yale College, *Thanksgiving*, 1909.

THE YALE UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

(INCORPORATED)

(Founded February 28th, 1900, by Harry D. Wescott.)

OFFICERS

President,
THOMAS LAWRASON RIGGS, 1910.

Vice President,
HARVEY TRACY WARREN, 1910.

Secretary,
LOOMIS HAVEMEYER, 1910 S.

Manager,
CHARLES PASCAL FRANCHOT, 1910.

Assistant Manager,
WILLIAM ARCHIBALD McAFEE, 1911.

Press Manager,
THOMAS HEWES, 1910.

Assistant Press Manager,
ROBERT COLEMAN WALKER, 1911.

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Honorary Members.

MISS MAUDE ADAMS.
PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.
PROFESSOR EDWARD BLISS REED.
MR. FRANK LEA SHORT.

Active Members.

1910.

HOWARD CLIFTON BAKER.
STEPHEN MERRELL CLEMENT, JR.
DAVID JAY ELY.
ARTHUR ROBERTSON FERGUSSON.
CHARLES PASCAL FRANCHOT.
THOMAS HEWES.
JOHN TRUMBULL METCALF.
HAROLD OBERNAUER.
THOMAS LAWRASON RIGGS.
PHILIP ROBERTS.
HARVEY TRACY WARREN.

1911.

ARTHUR AMORY GAMMELL.
ARTHUR MOWRY HARTWELL.
CHARLES VIRGIL HICKOX, JR.
WILLIAM ARCHIBALD McAFEE.
JOHN VINCENT McDONNELL.
WILLIAM DeFOREST MANICE.
SAMUEL JOHNSON NEWMAN
FRANCIS BAYARD RIVES
ROBERT COLEMAN WALKER.
EDGAR MONTILLION WOOLLEY.

1912.

WILLIAM CHRISTIAN BULLITT, JR.
EDWARD STEVENS.
ALEXANDER CAMPBELL TENER.

1910 S.

LINDELL THEODORE BATES.
MATTHEW GRISWOLD ELY.
LOOMIS HAVEMEYER.

1912 L.

HENRY DANIEL GIBBONS.

Frank Lea Short,
Stage Director.

THE YALE UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

(INCORPORATED)

Presents as its

ELEVENTH ANNUAL PRODUCTION

"LONDON ASSURANCE"

BY DION L. BOUCICAULT

Under the stage direction of

MR. FRANK LEA SHORT

MERIDEN--Poli's Theatre, December 23d, 1909.

WASHINGTON, D. C.--New National Theatre, afternoon of December 27th, 1909.

BALTIMORE, MD.--Albaugh's Theatre, December 28th, 1909.

ORANGE, N. J.--Bijou Theatre, December 29th, 1909.

BRIDGEPORT--Jackson's Theatre, December 30th, 1909.

WATERBURY--Poli's Theatre, December 31, 1909.

HARTFORD--Hartford Theatre, January 1st, 1910.

NEW YORK CITY--Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Monday, January 4th, Tuesday afternoon and evening, January 5th, 1910.

POUGHKEEPSIE--Collingwood Theatre, afternoon of January 8th, 1910.

NEW HAVEN--Hyperion Theatre, afternoon and evening of January 15th, 1910.

FORMER PRODUCTIONS.

May 23d, 1900.

"The Pardoner's Tale" of Chaucer and "The Second Shepherd's Play."

April 23d and 24th, 1901.

Thomas Heywood's "The Fair Maid of the West."

October 22d, 1901.

Bicentennial Campus Celebration—Under Auspices of the Yale Dramatic Association.

April 23d and 24th, 1902.

Sheridan's "The Critic" and Townley's "High Life Below Stairs."

April 27th and 28th, 1903.

Oliver Goldsmith's "The Good-Natured Man."

April 19th and 20th, 1904.

Tom Taylor's "New Men and Old Acres."

April 4th and 5th, and Carnegie Lyceum, New York, April 7th, 1905.

A. W. Pinero's "The Magistrate."

April 3d and 4th, 1906.

Shakespeare's "Henry IV, Part I."

First Promenade Performance, January 19th, 1907.

A. W. Pinero's "The Amazons."

April 1st, Parsons' Theatre, Hartford, Conn.; April 2d and 3d, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, and April 5th and 6th, 1907, Hyperion Theatre, New Haven.

Henrik Ibsen's "The Pretenders."

November 18th, 1907, College Street Hall.

"El Doctor y El Enfermo," "Einer Muss Heiraten," and "Le Prétexte."

Second Promenade Performance, January 18th, 1908.

Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest."

April 20th, 1908, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel; April 21st, Parsons' Theatre, Hartford, Conn.; April 22d, Poli's Theatre, Waterbury, Conn.; April 24th and 25th, Hyperion Theatre, New Haven.

Nikolas V. Gogol's "Revizór."

First Christmas Vacation Trip.

Charles Selby's "The Fire-Eater" and Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "The Critic."

December 30th, 1908, Parsons' Theatre, Hartford; December 31st, Smith's Theatre, Bridgeport; January 1st, 1909, Poli's Theatre, Meriden; January 2d, Poli's Theatre, Waterbury; January 4th and 5th, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York; January 16th, Hyperion Theatre, New Haven.

First Commencement Performance.

Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

June 26, 1909, The Yale Campus, New Haven.

LOCAL MANAGERS.

Meriden—Willard C. Hyatt, 1905.
Washington—G. Gould Lincoln, 1902.
Baltimore—Frederick C. Colston, 1904.
Orange—Committee of Essex County Alumni Association.
Bridgeport—Bronson M. Warren, 1904.
Waterbury—Edwin C. Northrop, 1904.
Howard S. White, 1903.
Hartford—Ralph D. Cutler, 1907.
New York—George S. Chappell, 1899.
Franklin A. Johnston, 1903.
Poughkeepsie—Denman F. Fox, 1904.

COMMITTEES.

Stage Manager.

FRANCIS BAYARD RIVES, 1911.

Property Men.

PHILIP MOEN STIMSON, 1910.
JOSEPH EPES BROWN, JR., 1913.

Costume Committee.

DAVID EVERETT CHANTLER, 1910. HAVENS GRANT, 1911.

Press Committee.

T. HEWES, 1910, *Chairman.*

R. C. WALKER, 1911. E. STEVENS, 1912.
J. ALDEN, 1911. J. R. WINTERBOTHAM, JR., 1912.
J. C. BIDDLE, 1912. P. M. WHELAN, 1912.

Book Editors.

PHILIP ROBERTS, 1910. ALLEN SKINNER HUBBARD, 1911.

The music is by the Yale Orchestra, under the direction of Richardson Phelps, 1910.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Sir Harcourt Courtly,	*Edgar Montillion Woolley, 1911.*
Charles Courtly,	*William DeForest Manice, 1911.*
Dazzle,	*Harvey Tracy Warren, 1910.*
Max Harkaway,	*Harold Obernauer, 1910*
Dolly Spanker,	*Thomas Lawrason Riggs, 1910.*
Mark Meddle,	*John Trumbull Metcalf, 1910.*
Cool,	*Matthew Griswold Ely, 1910 S.*
Solomon Isaacs,	*David Everett Chantler, 1910.*
Martin,	*David Jay Ely, 1910.*
James Simpson (butler),	*Alexander Campbell Tener, 1912.*
Lady Gay Spanker,	*William Christian Bullitt, Jr., 1912.*
Grace Harkaway,	*Arthur Mowry Hartwell, 1911.*
Pert,	*Joseph Epes Brown, Jr., 1913.*

[The introductory matter is the only part of this book protected by copyright.]

6544

LONDON ASSURANCE.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE—*An ante-room in* SIR HARCOURT COURTLY'S *house in Belgrave square.*

Enter COOL, *center.*

COOL. Half-past nine, and Mr. Charles has not yet returned. If his father happens to rise earlier than usual on any morning, he is sure to ask first for Mr. Charles. Poor deluded old gentleman—he little thinks how he is deceived.

Enter MARTIN, *lazily, left.*

Well, Martin, he has not come home yet!

MARTIN. No, and I have not had a wink of sleep all night. I cannot stand this any longer; I shall give warning. This is the fifth night Mr. Courtly has remained out, and I'm obliged to stand at the hall window to watch for him.

COOL. You know, if Sir Harcourt was aware that we connived at his son's irregularities, we should all be discharged.

MAR. I have used up all my common excuses on his duns. "Call again," "Not at home," and "Send it down to you," won't serve any more; and Mr. Crust, the wine merchant, swears he will be paid.

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Cool. So they all say. Why he has arrests out against him already. I've seen the fellows watching the door. (*Loud knock and ring heard, left.*) There he is, just in time—quick, Martin, for I expect Sir Harcourt's bell every moment (*bell rings, right*), and there it is. (*Exit* Martin, *slowly, right.*) Thank Heaven! he will return to college to-morrow, and this heavy responsibility will be taken off my shoulders. A valet is as difficult a post to fill properly as that of prime minister. (*Exit, left.*)

Young C. (*Without.*) Hollo!

Dazzle. (*Without.*) Steady.

Enter Young Courtly *and* Dazzle, *left.*

Young C. Hollo-o-o!

Daz. Hush! what are you about, howling like a Hottentot. Sit down there, and thank Heaven you are in Belgrave square instead of Bow street.

Young C. D—d—damn Bow street.

Daz. Oh, with all my heart!—you have not seen as much of it as I have.

Young C. I say—let me see—what was I going to say?—oh, look here—(*pulls out a large assortment of bell-pulls, knockers, etc., from his pocket*). There! dam'me! I'll puzzle the postmen—I'll deprive them of their right of disturbing the neighborhood. That black lion's head did belong to old Vampire, the money-lender; this bell-pull to Miss Stitch, the milliner.

Daz. And this brass griffin—

Young C. That! oh, let me see—I think I twisted that off our own hall-door as I came in, while you were paying the cab.

DAZ. What shall I do with them?

YOUNG C. Pack 'em in a small hamper, and send 'em to the sitting magistrate with my father's compliments; in the meantime come into my room, and I'll astonish you with some Burgundy.

Reënter COOL, *center, door.*

COOL. (*Right.*) Mr. Charles—

YOUNG C. (*Center.*) Out! out! not at home to any one.

COOL. And drunk—

YOUNG C. As a lord.

COOL. If Sir Harcourt knew this he would go mad, he would discharge me.

YOUNG C. You flatter yourself; that would be no proof of his insanity. (*To* DAZZLE, *left.*) This is Cool, sir, Mr. Cool; he is the best liar in London—there is a pungency about his invention, and an originality in his equivocation, that is perfectly refreshing.

COOL. (*Aside.*) Why, Mr. Charles, where did you pick him up?

YOUNG C. You mistake, he picked *me* up. (*Bell rings, right.*)

COOL. Here comes Sir Harcourt—pray do not let him see you in this state.

YOUNG C. State! what do you mean? I am in a beautiful state.

COOL. I should lose my character.

YOUNG C. That would be a fortunate epoch in your life, Cool.

COOL. Your father would discharge me.

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

YOUNG C. Cool, my dad is an old ass.

COOL. Retire to your room, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Charles.

YOUNG C. I'll do so for my own sake. (*To* DAZZLE) I say, old fellow (*staggering*), just hold the door steady while I go in.

DAZ. This way. Now, then!—take care! (*Helps him into the room, right.*)

Enter SIR HARCOURT COURTLY, *left, in an elegant dressing-gown, and Greek skull-cap and tassels, etc.*

SIR HARCOURT. (*Center.*) Cool, is breakfast ready?

COOL. (*Right.*) Quite ready, Sir Harcourt.

SIR H. Apropos. I omitted to mention that I expect Squire Harkaway to join us this morning, and you must prepare for my departure to Oak Hall immediately.

COOL. Leave town in the middle of the season, Sir Harcourt? So unprecedented a proceeding!

SIR H. It is! I confess it; there is but one power could effect such a miracle—that is divinity.

COOL. How?

SIR H. In female form, of course. Cool, I am about to present society with a second Lady Courtly; young—blushing eighteen; lovely! I have her portrait; rich! I have her banker's account;—an heiress, and a Venus!

COOL. Lady Courtly could be none other.

SIR H. Ha! ha! Cool, your manners are above your station. Apropos, I shall find no further use for my brocade dressing-gown.

COOL. I thank you, Sir Harcourt; might I ask who the fortunate lady is?

SIR H. Certainly; Miss Grace Harkaway, the niece of my old friend, Max.

H. T. Warren, 1910,
as Dazzle.

Cool. Have you never seen the lady, sir?

Sir H. Never—that is, yes—eight years ago. Her father, who had made a market of my indiscretion, and supplied my extravagance with large sums of money on mortgages, desired to unite the two properties. About seven years ago he died—leaving Grace, to the guardianship of her uncle, with this will:—if, on attaining the age of nineteen, she would consent to marry me, I should receive those deeds, and all his property, as her dowry. If she refused to comply with this condition, they should revert to my heir, presumptive or apparent. She consents.

Cool. (*Aside.*) Who would not?

Sir H. I consent to receive her £15,000 a year.

(*Crosses to left.*)

Cool. Who would not?

Sir H. So prepare, Cool, prepare (*crosses to right*); but where is my boy, where is Charles?

Cool. Why—oh, he is gone out, Sir Harcourt; yes, gone out to take a walk.

Sir H. A perfect child in heart—a sober, placid mind—fresh and unsullied by any contact with society. Tell me, Cool, at what time was he in bed last night?

Cool. Half-past nine, Sir Harcourt.

Sir H. Half-past nine! Reposing in cherub slumbers, while all around him teems with drinking and debauchery! No pilot-coated, bear-skinned brawling!

Cool. Oh, Sir Harcourt!

Sir H. No cigar-smoking—

Cool. Faints at the smell of one.

Sir H. No brandy and water bibbing—

Cool. Doesn't know the taste of anything stronger than barley-water.

SIR H. No night parading—

COOL. Never heard the clock strike twelve, except at noon.

SIR H. In fact, he is my son, and became a gentleman by right of paternity—he inherited my manners.

Enter MARTIN, *left.*

MAR. Mr. Harkaway.

Enter MAX HARKAWAY, *left.*

MAX. Squire Harkaway, fellow, or Max Harkaway, another time. Ah! ha! Sir Harcourt, I'm devilish glad to see you! Gi'me your fist—dang it but I'm glad to see you! Let me see: six—seven years or more, since we have met. How quickly they have flown!

SIR H. (*Throwing off his studied manner.*) Max, Max! give me your hand, old boy. (*Aside.*) Ah! he *is* glad to see me; there is no fawning pretence about that squeeze. Cool, you may retire. (*Exit* COOL, *right.*)

MAX. Why, you are looking quite rosy.

SIR H. Ah, ha! rosy! Am I too florid?

MAX. Not a bit; not a bit.

SIR H. I thought so. (*Aside.*) Cool said I had put too much on.

MAX. (*Left.*) How comes it, Courtly, you manage to retain your youth? See, I'm as gray as an old badger, while you are—are as black as a young rook. I say, whose head grew your hair, eh?

SIR H. Permit me to remark, that all the beauties of my person are of home manufacture. Why should you be surprised at my youth? I have scarcely thrown off the giddiness of a very boy—elasticity of limb—buoyancy of

soul! Remark this position. (*Throws himself into an attitude.*) I held that attitude for ten minutes at Lady Acid's last *reunion,* at the express desire of one of our first sculptors, while he was making a sketch of me for the Apollo.

MAX. (*Aside.*) Making a butt of thee for their gibes.

SIR H. Lady Sarah Sarcasm started up, and pointing to my face, ejaculated, "Good gracious! does not Sir Harcourt remind you of the countenance of Ajax, in the Pompeian portrait?"

MAX. Ajax!—humbug!

SIR H. You are complimentary.

MAX. I'm a plain man, and always speak my mind. What's in a face or figure? Does a Grecian nose entail a good temper? Does a waspish waist indicate a good heart? Or, do oily perfumed locks necessarily thatch a well-furnished brain?

SIR H. It's an undeniable fact, *plain* people always praise the beauties of the *mind.*

MAX. Excuse the insinuation; I thought the first Lady Courtly had surfeited you with beauty.

SIR H. No; she lived fourteen months with me, and then eloped with an intimate friend. Etiquette compelled me to challenge the seducer; so I received satisfaction—and a bullet in my shoulder at the same time. However, I had the consolation of knowing that he was the handsomest man of the age. She did not insult me by running away with a damned ill-looking scoundrel.

MAX. That, certainly, was flattering.

SIR H. I felt so, as I pocketed the ten thousand pounds damages.

MAX. That must have been a great balm to your sore honor.

SIR H. It was—Max, my honor would have died without it; for on that year the wrong horse won the Derby—by some mistake. It was one of the luckiest chances—a thing that does not happen twice in a man's life—the opportunity of getting rid of his wife and his debts at the same time.

MAX. Tell the truth, Courtly—Did you not feel a little frayed in your delicacy—your honor, now? Eh?

SIR H. Not a whit. Why should I? I married *money,* and I received it—virgin gold! The world pities the bereaved husband, when it should congratulate. No; the affair made a sensation, and I was the object. Besides, it is vulgar to parade one's feelings, however acute they may be; impenetrability of countenance is the sure sign of your highly-bred man of fashion.

MAX. So a man must, therefore, lose his wife and his money with a smile—in fact, everything he possesses but his temper.

SIR H. Exactly; and great ruin with *vive la bagatelle!* Your modish beauty never discomposes the shape of her features with convulsive laughter. Scenes are vulgar, hysterics obsolete. (*Crosses to left.*)

MAX. Well, give me the girl that will fly at your eyes in an argument, and stick to her point like a fox to his own tail.

SIR H. But etiquette, Max! remember etiquette!

MAX. Damn etiquette! I have seen a man who thought it sacrilege to eat fish with a knife, that would not scruple to rob his brother of his birthright. Your thoroughbred will seldom kick over the traces of good feeling. That's my opinion, and I don't care who knows it.

SIR H. Pardon me—etiquette is the pulse of society, by regulating which the body politic is retained in health. I consider myself one of the faculty in the art.

MAX. Well, well; you are a living libel upon common sense, for you are old enough to know better.

SIR H. Old enough! What do you mean? Old! I still retain all my little juvenile indiscretions, which your niece's beauties must teach me to discard. I have not sown my wild oats yet.

MAX. Time you did, at sixty-three.

SIR H. Sixty-three! Good Heavens!—forty, 'pon my life forty, next March.

MAX. Why, you are older than I am.

SIR H. Oh! you are old enough to be my father.

MAX. Well, if I am, I am; that's etiquette, I suppose. Poor Grace! how often have I pitied her fate! That a young and beautiful creature should be driven into wretched splendor, or miserable poverty!

SIR H. Wretched! Lady Courtly wretched! Impossible!

MAX. Will she not be compelled to marry you, whether she likes you or not?—a choice between you and poverty. And hang me if it isn't a tie! But why do you not introduce your son Charles to me? I have not seen him since he was a child. You would never permit him to accept any of my invitations to spend his vacation at Oak Hall—of course, we shall have the pleasure of his company now.

SIR H. He is not fit to enter into society yet. He is a studious, sober boy.

MAX. Boy! Why, he's five and twenty.

SIR H. Good gracious! Max—you will permit me to know my own son's age—he is not twenty.

MAX. I'm dumb.

SIR H. You will excuse me while I indulge in the process of dressing. Cool!

Enter COOL, *right.*

Prepare my toilet. (*Exit* COOL, *center.*) That is a ceremony which, with me, supersedes all others. I consider it a duty which every gentleman owes to society, to render himself as agreeable an object as possible; and the least compliment a mortal can pay to nature, when she honors him by bestowing extra care in the manufacture of his person, is to display her taste to the best possible advantage; and so, *au revoir.* (*Exit, left.*)

MAX. (*Sits right of table.*) That's a good soul—he has his faults, and who has not? Forty years of age! Oh, monstrous!—but he does look uncommonly young for sixty, spite of his foreign locks and complexion.

Enter DAZZLE, *right.*

DAZ. Who's my friend with the stick and gaiters, I wonder—one of the family—the governor, may be?

MAX. (*Right center.*) Who's this? Oh, Charles—is that you, my boy? How are you?

DAZ. How are you?

MAX. Your father has just left me.

DAZ. The devil he has. The honor you would confer upon me, I must unwillingly disclaim—I am not Mr. Courtly.

MAX. I beg pardon—a friend, I suppose?

DAZ. Oh, a most intimate friend—a friend of years—distantly related to the family—one of my ancestors married one of his. (*Aside.*) Adam and Eve.

MAX. Are you on a visit here?

DAZ. Yes; oh! yes.

MAX. (*Aside.*) As a friend of Sir Harcourt's, I shall feel honored by your company at my house, Oak Hall, Gloucestershire.

DAZ. Your name is—

MAX. Harkaway—Max Harkaway.

DAZ. Harkaway—let me see—I ought to be related to the Harkaways, somehow.

MAX. A wedding is about to come off—will you take a part on the occasion?

DAZ. With pleasure! any part but that of the husband.

MAX. Have you any previous engagement?

DAZ. I was thinking—eh? why, let me see. Promised to meet my tailor to-morrow; however, I'll postpone that. Have you good shooting?

MAX. Shooting! Why, there's no shooting at this time of the year.

DAZ. Oh! I'm in no hurry—I can wait till the season, of course. I was only speaking precautionally—you have good shooting?

MAX. The best in the country.

DAZ. Make yourself comfortable!—Say no more—I'm your man—wait till you see how I'll murder your preserves.

MAX. Do you hunt?

DAZ. Pardon me—but will you repeat that? (*Aside.*) Delicious and expensive idea!

MAX. You ride?

DAZ. Anything! Everything! From a blood to a broomstick. Only catch me a flash of lightning, and let me get on the back of it, and dam'me if I wouldn't astonish the elements.

MAX. Ha! ha!

DAZ. I'd put a girdle round about the earth in very considerably less than forty minutes.

MAX. Ah! ha!

DAZ. No, for then rises up the idol of my great adoration.

MAX. Who's that?

DAZ. The bottle—that lends a lustre to the soul!—When the world puts on its night-cap, and extinguishes the sun—then comes the bottle! Oh, mighty wine! don't ask me to apostrophize. Wine and love are the only two indescribable things in nature; but I prefer the wine, because its consequences are not entailed, and are more easily got rid of.

MAX. How so?

DAZ. Love ends in matrimony, wine in soda water.

MAX. Well, I can promise you as fine a bottle as ever was cracked.

DAZ. Never mind the bottle, give me the wine. Say no more; but, when I arrive, just shake one of my hands, and put the key of the cellar into the other, and if I don't make myself intimately acquainted with its internal organization—well, I say nothing—time will show.

MAX. I foresee some happy days.

DAZ. And I some glorious nights.

MAX. It mustn't be a flying visit.

DAZ. I despise the word—I'll stop a month with you.

MAX. Or a year or two.

DAZ. I'll live and die with you.

MAX. Ha! ha! Remember Max Harkaway, Oak Hall, Gloucestershire.

DAZ. (MAX *is going.*) Say, holloa!—Tallyho-o-o-o!

MAX. Yoicks!—Tallyhoa-o-o-o!— (*Exit, left.*)

DAZ. There I am—quartered for a couple of years, at the least. The old boy wants somebody to ride his horses, shoot his game, and keep a restraint on the morals of the parish: I'm eligible. What a lucky accident to meet Young Courtly last night! Who could have thought it? Yesterday, I could not make certain of a dinner; to-day I would flirt with a banquet.

Enter YOUNG COURTLY, *right.*

YOUNG C. What infernal row was that? Why (*seeing* DAZZLE), are you here still?

DAZ. Yes. Ain't you delighted? I'll ring, and send the servant for my luggage.

YOUNG C. The devil you will! Why, you don't mean to say you seriously intend to take up a permanent residence here? (*Rings the bell.*)

DAZ. Now, that's a most inhospitable insinuation.

YOUNG C. Might I ask your name?

DAZ. With a great deal of pleasure—Richard Dazzle, late of the Unattached Volunteers, vulgarly entitled the Dirty Buffs.

Enter MARTIN, *left.*

YOUNG C. Then, I have the honor of wishing you a very good morning. Martin, show this gentleman the door.

DAZ. If he does, I'll kick Martin out of it. No offense. (*Exit* MARTIN, *left.*) Now, sir, permit me to place a dioramic view of your conduct before you. After bringing you safely home this morning—after indulgently waiting, whenever you took a passing fancy to a knocker or bell-pull—after conducting a retreat that would have reflected honor on Napoleon—you would kick me into the street, like

a mangy cur; and that's what you call gratitude. Now, to show you how superior I am to petty malice, I give you an unlimited invitation to my house—my country house—to remain as long as you please.

YOUNG C. Your house!

DAZ. Oak Hall, Gloucestershire—fine old place!—for further particulars see road book—that is, it *nominally* belongs to my old friend and relation, Max Harkaway; but I'm privileged. Capital old fellow—say, shall we be honored?

YOUNG C. Sir, permit me to hesitate a moment. (*Aside.*) Let me see; I go back to college to-morrow, so I shall not be missing; tradesmen begin to dun—(*a noise off left, between* MARTIN *and* ISAACS; COOL *has entered center, crosses and goes off left.*) I hear thunder; here is shelter ready for me.

Reënter COOL, *left.*

COOL. Oh, Mr. Charles, Mr. Solomon Isaacs is in the hall, and swears he will remain till he has arrested you!

YOUNG C. Does he!—sorry he is so obstinate—take him my compliments, and I will bet him five to one he will not.

DAZ. Double or quits, with my kind regards.

COOL. But, sir, he has discovered the house in Curzon street; he says he is aware the furniture at least belongs to you, and he will put a man in immediately.

YOUNG C. That's awkward—what's to be done?

DAZ. I will give you my acceptance, if it will be of any use to you—it is of none to me.

YOUNG C. No, sir; but in reply to your most generous and kind invitation, if you be in earnest, I shall feel delighted to accept it.

DAZ. Certainly.

YOUNG C. Then off we go—through the stables—down the Mews, and so slip through my friend's fingers.

DAZ. But, stay, you must do the polite; say farewell to him before you part. Damn it, don't cut him!

YOUNG C. You jest.

DAZ. Here, lend me a card. (COURTLY *gives him one.*) Now, then. (*Writes.*) "Our respects to Mr. Isaacs—sorry to have been prevented from seeing him." Ha! ha!

YOUNG C. Ha! ha!

DAZ. We'll send him up some game.

YOUNG C. (*To* COOL.) Don't let my father see him.

(*Exeunt* YOUNG COURTLY *and* DAZZLE, *right.*)

COOL. What's this? "Mr. Charles Courtly, P. P. C., returns thanks for obliging inquiries." (*Exit, left.*)

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT SECOND

SCENE—*The lawn before Oak Hall, a fine Elizabethan mansion; a drawing-room is seen through large French windows at the back. Statues, urns and garden chairs about the stage.*

Enter PERT, *through window, left, to* JAMES, *who is discovered.*

PERT. James, Miss Grace requests that you will watch at the avenue and let her know when the squire's carriage is seen on the London road.

JAMES. I will go to the lodge.

PERT. How I long to see what kind of a man Sir Harcourt Courtly is! They say he is sixty; so he must be old, and consequently ugly. If I were Miss Grace, I would rather give up all my fortune and marry the man I liked, than go to church with a stuffed eel-skin. But taste is everything—she doesn't seem to care whether he is sixty or sixteen; jokes at love; prepares for matrimony as she would for dinner; says it is a necessary evil, and what can't be cured must be endured. Now, I say this is against all nature; and she is either no woman, or a deeper one than I am, if she prefers an old man to a young one. Here she comes! looking as cheerfully as if she was going to marry Mr. Jenks! My Mr. Jenks! whom nobody won't lead to the halter till I have that honor.

Enter GRACE, *from the drawing-room, left.*

GRACE. Well, Pert! any signs of my uncle yet?

PERT. (*Left.*) No, Miss Grace; but James has gone to watch the road.

GRACE. In my uncle's letter he mentions a Mr. Dazzle, whom he has invited; so you must prepare a room for him. He is some friend of my husband that is to be, and my uncle seems to have taken an extraordinary predilection for him. Apropos! I must not forget to have a bouquet for the dear old man when he arrives.

PERT. The dear old man! Do you mean Sir Harcourt?

GRACE. La, no! my uncle of course. (*Plucking flowers.*) What do I care for Sir Harcourt Courtly?

(*Crosses right.*)

PERT. Isn't it odd, Miss, you have never seen your intended, though it has been so long since you were betrothed?

GRACE. Not at all; marriage matters are conducted now-a-days in a most mercantile manner; consequently, a previous acquaintance is by no means indispensable. Besides, my prescribed husband has been upon the continent for the benefit of his—property. They say a southern climate is a great restorer of consumptive estates.

PERT. Well, Miss, for my own part, I should like to have a good look at my bargain before I paid for it; 'specially when one's life is the price of the article. But why, ma'm, do you consent to marry in this blindman's buff sort of manner? What would you think if he were not quite so old?

GRACE. I should think he was a little younger.

PERT. I should like him all the better.

GRACE. That wouldn't I. A young husband might expect affection and nonsense, which 'twould be deceit in me to render; nor would he permit me to remain with my uncle.

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Sir Harcourt takes me with the incumbrances on his estate, and I shall beg to be left among the rest of the live stock.

(*Crosses left.*)

PERT. Ah, Miss! but some day you might chance to stumble over *the* man—what could you do then?

GRACE. Do! beg *the* man's pardon, and request *the* man to pick me up again.

PERT. Ah! you were never in love, Miss.

GRACE. I never was, nor will be, till I am tired of myself and common sense. Love is a pleasant scape-goat for a little epidemic madness. I must have been inoculated in my infancy, for the infection passes over poor me in contempt.

Enter JAMES, *left.*

JAMES. Two gentlemen, Miss Grace, have just alighted.

GRACE. Very well, James. (*Exit* JAMES, *left.*) Love is pictured as a boy; in another century they will be wiser, and paint him as a fool, with cap and bells, without a thought above the jingling of his own folly. Now, Pert, remember this as a maxim—A woman is always in love with one of two things.

PERT. What are they, Miss?

GRACE. A man, or herself—and I know which is the most profitable. (*Exit, left.*)

PERT. I wonder what my Jenks would say, if I was to ask him. La! here comes Mr. Meddle, his rival, contemporary solicitor, as he calls him—a nasty, prying, ugly wretch—what brings him here? He comes puffed with some news. (*Retires up, right.*)

Enter MEDDLE, *with a newspaper, left.*

MED. I have secured the only newspaper in the village—my character, as an attorney-at-law, depended on the monopoly of its information. I took it up by chance, when this paragraph met my astonished view: (*Reads.*) "We understand that the contract of marriage so long in abeyance on account of the lady's minority, is about to be celebrated at Oak Hall, Gloucestershire, the well-known and magnificent mansion of Maximilian Harkaway, Esq., between Sir Harcourt Courtly, baronet, of fashionable celebrity, and Miss Grace Harkaway, niece to the said Mr. Harkaway. The preparations are proceeding in the good old English style." (*Sees* PERT.) Ah! here is Mrs. Pert; couldn't have hit upon a better person. I'll cross-examine her—lady's maid to Miss Grace—confidential purloiner of second-hand silk— Ah, Mrs. Pert, good-morning; permit me to say—and my word as a legal character is not unduly considered—I venture to affirm that you look a—quite like the—a—

PERT. (*Left.*) Law! Mr. Meddle.

MED. (*Right.*) Exactly, like the law.

PERT. Ha! indeed; complimentary, I confess; like the law; tedious, prosy, made up of musty paper. You shan't have a long suit of me. Good-morning. (*Going.*)

MED. Stay, Mrs. Pert; don't calumniate my calling, or disseminate vulgar prejudices.

PERT. Vulgar! you talk of vulgarity to me! you, whose sole employment is to sneak about like a pig, snouting out the dusthole of society, and feeding upon the bad ends of vice! You miserable specimen of a bad six-and-eightpence! (*Following him around to right.*)

MED. (*Right.*) But, Mrs. Pert—

PERT. (*Right center.*) Don't but me, sir; I won't be butted by any such low fellow.

MED. This is slander; an action will lie.

PERT. Let it lie; lying is your trade. I'll tell you what, Mr. Meddle; if I had my will, I would soon put a check on your prying propensities. I'd treat you as the farmers do inquisitive hogs.

MED. How?

PERT. I would ring your nose. (*Exit into house, left.*)

MED. Not much information elicited from that witness. Jenks is at the bottom of this. I have very little hesitation in saying Jenks is a libellous rascal; I heard reports that he was undermining my character here, through Mrs. Pert. Now I'm certain of it. Assault is expensive; but certainly I will put by a small weekly stipendium, until I can afford to kick Jenks.

DAZ. (*Outside.*) Come along; this way!

MED. Ah! whom have we here? Visitors; I'll address them.

Enter DAZZLE, *left.*

DAZ. Who's this, I wonder; one of the family? I must know him. (*To* MEDDLE.) Ah! how are ye?

MED. Quite well. Just arrived?—ah!—um! Might I request the honor of knowing whom I address?

DAZ. Richard Dazzle, Esquire; and you—

MED. Mark Meddle, attorney-at-law.

Enter YOUNG COURTLY, *left.*

DAZ. What detained you?

YOUNG C. My dear fellow, I have just seen such a woman—

A. M. Hartwell. 1911,
as Grace Harkaway.

DAZ. (*Aside.*) Hush! (*Aloud.*) Permit me to introduce you to my very old friend, Meddle. He's a capital fellow; know him.

MED. (*Right.*) I feel honored. Who is your friend?

DAZ. Oh, he? What, my friend? Oh! Augustus Hamilton.

YOUNG C. How d'ye do? (*Looking off.*) There she is again!

MED. (*Looking off.*) Why, that is Miss Grace.

DAZ. (*Left center.*) Of course, Grace.

YOUNG C. (*Center.*) I'll go and introduce myself.

(DAZZLE *stops him.*)

DAZ. (*Aside.*) What are you about? would you insult my old friend Puddle by running away? (*Aloud.*) I say, Puddle, just show my friend the lions, while I say how d'ye do to my young friend Grace. (*Aside.*) Cultivate his acquaintance.

(*Exit, l. u. e.* YOUNG COURTLY *looks after him.*)

MED. Mr. Hamilton, might I take the liberty?

YOUNG C. (*Looking off.*) Confound the fellow!

MED. Sir, what did you remark?

YOUNG C. She's gone! Oh, are you here still, Mr. Thingomerry Puddle?

MED. Meddle, sir, Meddle, in the list of attorneys.

YOUNG C. Well, Muddle or Puddle, or whoever you are, you are a bore.

MED. (*Aside.*) How excessively odd! Mrs. Pert said I was a pig; now I'm a boar!

YOUNG C. Mr. Thingamy, will you take a word of advice?

MED. Feel honored.

LIBRARY ST MARY'S COLLEGE

YOUNG C. Get out.

MED. Do you mean to—I don't understand.

YOUNG C. Delighted to quicken your apprehension. You are an ass, Puddle.

MED. Ha! ha! another quadruped! Yes; beautiful. (*Aside.*) I wish he'd call me something libellous; but that would be too much to expect. (*Aloud.*) Anything else?

YOUNG C. Some miserable pettifogging scoundrel!

MED. Good! ha! ha!

YOUNG C. What do you mean by laughing at me?

MED. Ha! ha! excellent! delicious!

YOUNG C. Mr. ———, are you ambitious of a kicking?

MED. Very, very—Go on—kick—go on.

YOUNG C. (*Looking off.*) Here she comes! I'll speak to her.

MED. But, sir—sir—

YOUNG C. Oh, go to the devil! (*Runs off, l. u. e.*)

MED. There, there's a chance lost—gone! I have no hesitation in saying that, in another minute, I should have been kicked; literally kicked—a legal luxury. Costs, damages, and actions rose up like sky-rockets in my aspiring soul, with golden tails reaching to the infinity of my hopes. (*Looking.*) They are coming this way; Mr. Hamilton in close conversation with Lady Courtly that is to be. Crim. Con. Courtly versus Hamilton—damages problematical—Meddle, chief witness for plaintiff. I'll take down their conversation verbatim. (*Retires behind a bush, right.*)

Enter GRACE, *followed by* YOUNG COURTLY, *l. u. e.*

GRACE. (*Right.*) Perhaps you would follow your friend into the dining-room; refreshment, after your long journey, must be requisite.

YOUNG C. (*Left.*) Pardon me, madam; but the lovely garden and the loveliness before me is better refreshment than I could procure in any dining-room.

GRACE. Ha! Your company and compliments arrive together.

YOUNG C. I trust that a passing remark will not spoil so welcome an introduction as this by offending you.

GRACE. I am not certain that anything you could say would offend me.

YOUNG C. I never meant—

GRACE. I thought not. In turn, pardon me, when I request you will commence your visit with this piece of information—I consider compliments impertinent, and sweetmeat language fulsome.

YOUNG C. I would condemn my tongue to a Pythagorean silence, if I thought it could attempt to flatter.

GRACE. It strikes me, sir, that you are a stray bee from the hive of fashion; if so, reserve your honey for its proper cell. A truce to compliments.—You have just arrived *from town,* I apprehend.

YOUNG C. This moment I left mighty London, under the fever of a full season, groaning with the noisy pulse of wealth and the giddy whirling brain of fashion. Enchanting, busy London! how have I prevailed on myself to desert you! Next week the new ballet comes out—the week after comes Ascot. Oh!

GRACE. How agonizing must be the reflection!

YOUNG C. Torture! Can you inform me how you manage to avoid suicide here? If there was but an opera, even, within twenty miles! We couldn't get up a rustic ballet among the village girls? No?—ah!

GRACE. I am afraid you would find that difficult. How I contrive to support life I don't know—it is wonderful—but I have not precisely contemplated suicide yet, nor do I miss the opera.

YOUNG C. How can you manage to kill time?

GRACE. I can't. Men talk of killing time, while time quietly kills them. I have many employments—this week I devote to study and various amusements—next week to being married—the following week to repentance, perhaps.

YOUNG C. Married!

GRACE. You seem surprised; I believe it is of frequent occurrence in the metropolis—is it not?

YOUNG C. O, yes, I believe they do it there. Might I ask to whom?

GRACE. I have never seen him yet, but he is a gentleman who has been strongly recommended to me for the situation of husband.

YOUNG C. You seem to laugh at love.

GRACE. Love! why the very word is a breathing satire upon man's reason—a mania, indigenous to humanity—nature's jester, who plays off tricks upon the world, and trips up common sense. When I'm in love, I'll write an almanac, for very lack of wit—prognosticate the sighing season—when to beware of tears—about this time expect matrimony to be prevalent! Ha! ha! Why should I lay out my life in love's bonds upon the bare security of a man's word?

Enter JAMES, *left.*

JAMES. The squire, madam, has just arrived, and another gentleman with him. (*Exit* JAMES, *left.*)

GRACE. (*Aside.*) My intended, I suppose.

YOUNG C. I perceive you are one of the railers against what is termed the follies of high life.

GRACE. No, not particularly; I deprecate all folly. By what prerogative can the west-end mint issue absurdity, which, if coined in the east, would be voted vulgar?

YOUNG C. By a sovereign right—because it has Fashion's head upon its side, and that stamps it current.

GRACE. Poor Fashion, for how many sins hast thou to answer! The gambler pawns his birthright for fashion—the *roué* steals his friend's wife for fashion—each abandons himself to the storm of impulse, calling it the breeze of fashion.

YOUNG C. Pardon me, madam, you wrong yourself to rail against your inheritance—the kingdom to which loveliness and wit attest your title.

GRACE. A mighty realm, forsooth—with milliners for ministers, a cabinet of coxcombs, envy for my homage, ruin for my revenue—my right of rule depending on the shape of a bonnet or the set of a pelisse, with the next grand noodle as my heir-apparent. Mr. Hamilton, when I am crowned, I shall feel happy to abdicate in your favor.

(*Curtesy and exit into house, left.*)

YOUNG C. What did she mean by that? Hang me if I can understand her—she is evidently not used to society. Ha!—takes every word I say for infallible truth—requires the solution of a compliment, as if it were a problem in Euclid. She said she was about to marry, but I rather imagine she was in jest. 'Pon my life, I feel very queer at the contemplation of such an idea—I'll follow her. (MEDDLE *comes down, left.*) Oh! perhaps this booby can inform me something about her. (MEDDLE *makes signs at him.*) What the devil is he at?

MED. It won't do—no—ah! um—it's not to be done.

YOUNG C. What do you mean?

MED. (*Points after* GRACE.) Counsel retained—cause to come off.

YOUNG C. Cause to come off?

MED. Miss Grace is about to be married.

YOUNG C. Is it possible?

MED. Certainly. If I have the drawing out of the deeds—

YOUNG C. To whom?

MED. Ha! hem! Oh, yes! I dare say—information being scarce in the market, I hope to make mine valuable.

YOUNG C. Married! married! (*Pacing the stage.*)

MED. Now I shall have another chance.

YOUNG C. I'll run and ascertain the truth of this from Dazzle. (*Exit, left.*)

MED. It's of no use; he either dare not kick me, or he can't afford it—in either case, he is beneath my notice. Ah! who comes here?—can it be Sir Harcourt Courtly himself? It can be no other.

Enter COOL, *left.*

Sir, I have the honor to bid you welcome to Oak Hall and the village of Oldborough.

COOL. (*Aside.*) Excessively polite. (*Aloud.*) Sir, thank you.

MED. The township contains two thousand inhabitants.

COOL. Does it? I am delighted to hear it.

(*Crosses right.*)

MED. (*Aside.*) I can charge him for that—ahem—six and eight-pence is not much—but it is a beginning.

(*Aloud.*) If you will permit me, I can inform you of the different commodities for which it is famous.

Cool. Much obliged—but here comes Sir Harcourt Courtly, my master, and Mr. Harkaway—any other time I shall feel delighted.

Med. Oh! (*Aside.*) Mistook the man for the master. (*Retires up, right.*)

Enter Max *and* Sir Harcourt, *left.*

Max. (*Center.*) Here we are at last. Now give ye welcome to Oak Hall, Sir Harcourt, heartily!

Sir H. (*Left center, languidly.*) Cool, assist me. (Cool *takes off his cloak and gloves; gives him white gloves and handkerchief, then places a flower in his coat.*)

Max. Why, you require unpacking as carefully as my best bin of port. Well, now you are decanted, tell me what did you think of my park as we came along?

Sir H. That it would never come to an end. You said it was only a stone's throw from your infernal lodge to the house; why, it's ten miles, at least.

Max. I'll do it in ten minutes any day.

Sir H. Yes, in a steam carriage. Cool, perfume my handkerchief.

Max. Don't do it. Don't! perfume in the country! why, it's high treason in the very face of Nature; 'tis introducing the robbed to the robber. Here are the sweets from which your fulsome essences are pilfered, and libelled with their names; don't insult them, too.

(Meddle *comes down, center.*)

Sir H. (*To* Meddle.) Oh! cull me a bouquet, my man!

MAX. (*Turning.*) Ah, Meddle! how are you? This is Lawyer Meddle. (*Goes up, right.*)

SIR H. Oh! I took him for one of your people.

MED. Ah! naturally—um—Sir Harcourt Courtly, I have the honor to congratulate—happy occasion approaches. Ahem! I have no hesitation in saying this *very* happy occasion approaches.

SIR H. Cool, is the conversation addressed towards me?

COOL. (*Left.*) I believe so, Sir Harcourt.

MED. (*Center.*) Oh, certainly! I was complimenting you.

SIR H. Sir, you are very good; the honor is undeserved; but I am only in the habit of receiving compliments from the fair sex. Men's admiration is so damnably insipid. (*Crosses to* MAX, *who is seated on bench, left.*)

MED. I had hoped to make a unit on that occasion.

SIR H. Yes, and you hoped to put an infernal number of cyphers after your unit on that and any other occasion.

MED. Ha! ha! very good. Why, I did hope to have the honor of drawing out the deeds; for, whatever Jenks may say to the contrary, I have no hesitation in saying—

SIR H. (*Putting him aside; to* MAX.) If the future Lady Courtly be visible at so unfashionable an hour as this, I shall beg to be introduced.

MAX. Visible! Ever since six this morning, I'll warrant ye. Two to one she is at dinner.

SIR H. Dinner! Is it possible? Lady Courtly dine at half-past one P. M.?

MED. (*Down left.*) I rather prefer that hour to peck a little my—

SIR H. Dear me! who was addressing you?

MED. Oh! I beg pardon.

MAX. Here, James! (*Calling.*)

Enter JAMES, *left.*

Tell Miss Grace to come here directly. (*Exit* JAMES, *into house, left.*) Now prepare, Courtly, for, though I say it, she is—with the exception of my bay mare, Kitty—the handsomest thing in the country. Considering she is a biped, she is a wonder! Full of blood, sound wind and limb, plenty of bone, sweet coat, in fine condition, with a thoroughbred step, as dainty as a pet greyhound.

SIR H. Damme, don't compare her to a horse!

MAX. Well, I wouldn't, but she's almost as fine a creature—close similarities.

MED. Oh, very fine creature! Close similarity, amounting to identity.

SIR H. Good gracious, sir! What can a lawyer know about women?

MED. Everything. The consistorial court is a fine study of the character, and I have no hesitation in saying that I have examined more women than Jenks, or—

SIR H. Oh, damn Jenks!

MED. Sir, thank you. Damn him again, sir, damn him again!

Enter GRACE, *from house, left.*

GRACE. (*Runs to him.*) My dear uncle!

MAX. Ah, Grace, you little jade, come here.

SIR H. (*Eyeing her through his glass.*) Oh, dear! she is a rural Venus!

MAX. Won't you kiss your old uncle? (*Kisses her.*)

SIR H. (*Draws an agonizing face.*) Oh!—ah—um!—*N'importe!*—my privilege in embryo—hem! It's very tantalizing, though.

MAX. You are not glad to see me, you are not.

(*Kissing her again.*)

SIR H. I should be sorry to curtail any little ebullition of affection; but—ahem! May I be permitted?

MAX. Of course you may. There, Grace, is Sir Harcourt, your husband that will be. Go to him, girl.

(*She courtsies.*)

SIR H. Permit me to do homage to the charms, the presence of which have placed me in sight of Paradise.

(SIR HARCOURT *and* GRACE *retire.*)

Enter DAZZLE, *left.*

DAZ. Ah! old fellow, how are you? (*Crosses to* MAX.)

MAX. (*Right center.*) I'm glad to see you. Are you comfortably quartered yet, eh?

DAZ. Splendidly quartered! What a place you've got here! Here, Hamilton.

Enter YOUNG COURTLY, *from house, down right.*

Permit me to introduce my friend, Augustus Hamilton. Capital fellow! drinks like a sieve, and rides like a thunderstorm.

MAX. (*Right center.*) Sir, I'm devilish glad to see you. Here, Sir Harcourt, permit me to introduce to you—

(*Goes up to* SIR HARCOURT.)

YOUNG C. The devil!

DAZ. (*Aside.*) What's the matter?

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) Why, that is my governor, by Jupiter!

DAZ. (*Aside.*) What, old Whiskers! you don't say that?

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) It is; what's to be done now?

MAX. (*Advancing, center.*) Mr. Hamilton, Sir Harcourt Courtly—Sir Harcourt Courtly, Mr. Hamilton.

SIR H. (*Advancing, left center.*) Hamilton! Bless me! Why, Charles, is it possible—why, Max, that's my son!

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) What shall I do?

MAX. Your son?

GRACE. Your son, Sir Harcourt! have you a son as old as that gentleman?

SIR H. No—that is—a—yes,—not by twenty years—a—Charles, why don't you answer me, sir?

YOUNG C. (*Aside to* DAZZLE.) What shall I say?

DAZ. (*Aside.*) Deny your identity.

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) Capital! (*Aloud.*) What's the matter, sir?

SIR H. How came you down here, sir?

YOUNG C. By one of Newman's best fours—in twelve hours and a quarter.

SIR H. Isn't your name Charles Courtly?

YOUNG C. Not to my knowledge.

SIR H. Do you mean to say that you are usually called Augustus Hamilton?

YOUNG C. Lamentable fact—and quite correct.

SIR H. Cool, is that my son?

COOL. (*Left.*) No, sir—it is not Mr. Charles—but it is very like him.

MAX. I cannot understand all this. (*Goes up.*)

GRACE. (*Aside.*) I think I can. (*Goes up.*)

DAZ. (*Aside to* YOUNG C.) Give him a touch of the indignant.

YOUNG C. (*Crosses right center.*) Allow me to say, Sir What-d'ye-call-em-Hartly—

SIR H. Hartly, sir! Courtly, sir! Courtly!

YOUNG C. Well, Hartly, or Court-heart, or whatever your name may be, I say your conduct is—a—a—, and were it not for the presence of this lady, I should feel inclined —to—to—

SIR H. No, no, that, can't be my son,—he never would address me in that way.

MAX. (*Coming down.*) What is all this?

SIR H. Sir, your likeness to my son Charles is so astonishing, that it, for a moment—the equilibrium of my etiquette—'pon my life, I—permit me to request your pardon.

MED. (*Left.*) Sir Harcourt, don't apologize, don't—bring an action. I'm witness.

SIR H. Some one take this man away.

(MEDDLE *goes up stage with* COOL.)

Enter JAMES, *from house, left.*

JAMES. Luncheon is on the table, sir.

SIR H. Miss Harkaway, I never swore before a lady in my life—except when I promised to love and cherish the late Lady Courtly, which I took care to preface with an apology,—I was compelled to the ceremony, and consequently not answerable for the language—but to that gentleman's identity I would have pledged—my hair.

GRACE. (*Aside.*) If that security were called for, I suspect the answer would be—no effects.

(*Exeunt* SIR HARCOURT *and* GRACE, *left.*)

MED. (*To* MAX.) I have something very particular to communicate.

MAX. Can't listen at present. (*Exit, left, into house.*)

MED. (*To* DAZZLE *and* YOUNG C.) I can afford you information, which I—

DAZ. Oh, don't bother!

YOUNG C. Go to the devil.

(*Exeunt left, into house.*)

MED. Now, I have no hesitation in saying that is the height of ingratitude.—Oh—Mr. Cool—can you oblige me?

(*Presents his account.*)

COOL. (*Right.*) Why, what is all this?

MED. Small account *versus* you—to giving information concerning the last census of the population of Oldborough and vicinity, six and eightpence.

COOL. Oh, you mean to make me pay for this, do you?

MED. Unconditionally.

COOL. Well, I have no objection—the charge is fair—but remember, I am a servant on board wages,—will you throw in a little advice, gratis—if I give you the money?

MED. Ahem!—I will.

COOL. A fellow has insulted me. I want to abuse him—what terms are actionable?

MED. You may call him anything you please, providing there are no witnesses.

COOL. Oh, may I? (*Looks around.*) Then you rascally, pettifogging scoundrel!

MED. Hello! (*Retreats to right.*)

COOL. (*Following him.*) You mean—dirty—disgrace to your profession.

MED. Libel—slander—

COOL. (*Going up left; turns.*) Ay, but where are your witnesses?

MED. Give me the costs—six and eightpence.

COOL. I deny that you gave me the information at all.

MED. You do!

COOL. Yes, where are your witnesses?

(*Exit into house, left.*)

MED. Ah—damme. I'm done at last!

(*Exit into house, left.*)

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THIRD

SCENE—*A morning room in Oak Hall, French windows opening to the lawn.* MAX *and* SIR HARCOURT *seated on one side,* DAZZLE *on the other;* GRACE *and* YOUNG COURTLY *playing chess at back. All dressed for dinner.*

MAX. (*Aside to* SIR HARCOURT.) What can I do?

SIR H. Get rid of them civilly.

MAX. What, turn them out, after I particularly invited them to stay a month or two?

SIR H. Why, they are disreputable characters; as for that young fellow, in whom my Lady Courtly appears so particularly absorbed—I am bewildered—I have written to town for my Charles, my boy—it certainly is the most extraordinary likeness—

DAZ. Sir Harcourt, I have an idea—

SIR H. Sir, I am delighted to hear it. (*Aside to* MAX.) That fellow is a swindler.

MAX. I met him at your house.

SIR H. Never saw him before in all my life.

DAZ. (*Crossing to* SIR HARCOURT.) I will bet you five to one that I can beat you three out of four games of billiards, with one hand.

SIR H. No, sir.

DAZ. I don't mind giving you ten points in fifty.

SIR H. Sir, I never gamble.

DAZ. You don't! Well, I'll teach you—easiest thing in life—you have every requisite—good temper.

SIR H. I have not, sir.

DAZ. A long-headed, knowing old buck.

SIR H. Sir!

(*They go up, conversing with* MAX, *center.*)

GRACE. Really, Mr. Hamilton, you improve. A young man pays us a visit, as you half intimate, to escape inconvenient friends—that is complimentary to us, his hosts.

YOUNG C. Nay, that is too severe.

GRACE. After an acquaintanceship of two days, you sit down to teach me chess and domestic economy at the same time. Might I ask where you graduated in that science—where you learned all that store of matrimonial advice which you have obliged me with?

(*They come forward.*)

YOUNG C. I imbibed it, madam, from the moment I beheld you, and having studied my subject *con amore*, took my degree from your eyes.

GRACE. Oh, I see you are a Master of Arts already.

YOUNG C. Unfortunately, no—I shall remain a bachelor—till you can assist me to that honor.

(SIR HARCOURT *rises.*)

DAZ. (*Aside, right.*) How do you get on?

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) Splendidly! Keep the old boy away!

SIR H. (*Going to them.*) Is the conversation strictly confidential?—or might I join?

DAZ. (*Taking his arm.*) Oh, not in the least, my dear sir—we were remarking that rifle shooting was an excellent diversion during the summer months.

SIR H. (*Drawing himself up.*) Sir, I was addressing—

DAZ. And I was saying what a pity it was I couldn't find any one reasonable enough to back his opinion with

W. DeF. Manice, 1911, *as Charles Courtly.* H. T. Warren, 1910, *as Dazzle.* A. M. Hartwell, 1911, *as Grace Harkaway.*

long odds—come out on the lawn, and pitch up your hat, and I will hold you ten to one I put a bullet into it every time, at forty paces.

SIR H. No, sir—I consider you—

MAX. (*At window.*) Here, all of you—look, here is Lady Gay Spanker coming across the lawn at a hand gallop!

SIR H. (*Running to window.*) Bless me, the horse is running away!

MAX. Look how she takes that fence! there's a seat.

SIR H. (*Comes down, left center.*) Lady Gay Spanker —who may she be?

GRACE. (*Down center.*) Gay Spanker, Sir Harcourt? My cousin and dearest friend—you *must* like her.

SIR H. It will be a hard task in your presence.

GRACE. I am sure she will like you.

SIR H. Ha! ha! I flatter myself.

YOUNG C. Who, and what is she?

GRACE. Glee, glee, made a living thing—Nature, in some frolic mood, shut up a merry devil in her eye, and, spiting Art, stole Joy's brightest harmony to thrill her laugh, which peals out sorrow's knell. Her cry rings loudest in the field—the very echo loves it best, and as each hill attempts to ape her voice, Earth seems to laugh that it made a thing so glad.

MAX. (*Left.*) Ay, the merriest minx I ever kissed.

(LADY GAY *laughs without.*)

LADY GAY. (*Without.*) Max!

MAX. Come in, you mischievous puss.

Enter JAMES, *right.*

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

JAMES. Mr. Adolphus and Lady Gay Spanker. (*Exit.*)

Enter LADY GAY, *right, fully equipped in riding habit, etc.*

LADY G. Ha! ha! Well, governor, how are ye? How are you, Grace, dear? (*Kisses her.*) There, don't fidget, Max. And there—(*kisses him, right center*) there's one for you.

SIR H. (*Left.*) Ahem!

LADY G. (*Center.*) Oh, gracious, I didn't see you had visitors.

MAX. (*Right.*) Permit me to introduce—(*crosses center*) Sir Harcourt Courtly, Lady Gay Spanker. Mr. Dazzle, Mr. Hamilton—Lady Gay Spanker.

SIR H. (*Aside.*) A devilish fine woman!

DAZ. (*Aside to* SIR HARCOURT.) She's a devilish fine woman.

LADY G. You mustn't think anything of the liberties I take with my old papa here—bless him!

(*Kisses him again.*)

SIR H. Oh, no! (*Aside.*) I only thought I should like to be in his place.

LADY G. I am so glad you have come, Sir Harcourt. Now we shall be able to make a decent figure at the heels of a hunt.

SIR H. Does your ladyship hunt?

LADY G. Ha! I say, governor, does my ladyship hunt? I rather flatter myself that I do hunt! Why, Sir Harcourt, one might as well live without laughing as without hunting. It's indigenous to humanity. Man was formed expressly to fit a horse. Are not hedges and ditches created for leaps? Of course! And I look upon foxes to be one of the most blessed dispensations of a benign Providence.

Sir H. Yes, it is all very well in the abstract; I tried it once.

Lady G. Once! Only once?

Sir H. Once, only once. And then the animal ran away with me.

Lady G. Why, you would not have him walk?

Sir H. Finding my society disagreeable, he instituted a series of kicks, with a view to removing the annoyance; but aided by the united stays of the mane and tail, I frustrated his intentions. (*All laugh.*) His next resource, however, was more effectual, for he succeeded in rubbing me off against a tree.

Max *and* Lady G. Ha! ha! ha!

Daz. How absurd you must have looked with your legs and arms in the air, like a shipwrecked tea-table.

Sir H. Sir, I never looked absurd in my life. Ah, it may be very amusing in relation, I dare say, but very unpleasant in effect.

Lady G. I pity you, Sir Harcourt; it was criminal in your parents to neglect your education so shamefully.

Sir H. Possibly; but be assured, I shall never break my neck awkwardly from a horse, when it might be accomplished with less trouble from a bedroom window.

Young C. (*Right, aside.*) My dad will be caught by this she Bucephalus tamer.

Max. Ah! Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek—a steeplechase, sir, which I intended to win, but my horse broke down the day before. I had a chance, notwithstanding, and but for Gay here, I should have won. How I regretted my absence from it! How did my filly behave herself, Gay?

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LADY G. Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixteen horses in the field, all mettle to the bone; the start was a picture—away we went in a cloud—pell mell—helter-skelter—the fools first, as usual, using themselves up—we soon passed them—first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug—Kitty skimmed the walls—Blueskin flew over the fences—the colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run—at last the colt baulked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves—she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head—ha! ha! Away he flew like a thunderbolt—over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch—walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

(*Crosses right and left center.*)

ALL. Bravo! Bravo!

LADY G. (*Left center.*) Do you hunt?

DAZ. (*Left.*) Hunt! I belong to a hunting family. I was born on horseback and cradled in a kennel! Ay, and I hope I may die with a whoo-whoop!

MAX. (*To* SIR HARCOURT.) You must leave your town habits in the smoke of London; here we rise with the lark.

SIR H. Haven't the remotest conception when that period is.

GRACE. (*Center.*) The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence.

SIR H. Oh, pardon me; I have seen sunrise frequently after a ball, or from the windows of my travelling carriage, and I always considered it excessively disagreeable.

GRACE. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause; these swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it.

SIR H. The effect of a rustic education! Who could ever discover music in a damp foggy morning, except those confounded waits, who never play in tune, and a miserable wretch who makes a point of crying coffee under my window just as I am persuading myself to sleep: in fact, I never heard any music worth listening to, except in Italy.

LADY G. No? then you never heard a well-trained English pack in full cry!

SIR H. Full cry!

LADY G. Ay! there is harmony, if you will. Give me the trumpet-neigh; the spotted pack just catching scent. What a chorus is their yelp! The view-hallo, blent with a peal of free and fearless mirth! That's our old English music—match it where you can.

SIR H. (*Left center, aside.*) I must see about Lady Gay Spanker.

DAZ. (*Left, aside to* SIR HARCOURT.) Ah, would you—

LADY G. Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Away we go! The earth flies back to aid our course! Horse, man, hound, earth, heaven! —all—all—one piece of glowing ecstacy! Then I love the world myself, and every living thing—my jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it could wish that all creation had but one mouth, that I might kiss it! (*Goes up, center.*)

SIR H. (*Aside.*) I wish I were the mouth!

MAX. Why, we will regenerate you, Baronet!

DAZ. (*Clapping his shoulder.*) Ay, we'll regenerate you! (SIR H. *angrily goes up and gets around to right.*)

MAX. But Gay, where is your husband? Where is Adolphus?

LADY G. (*Coming down.*) Bless me, where is my Dolly?

SIR H. You are married, then?

LADY G. I have a husband somewhere, though I can't find him just now. (*Calls.*) Dolly, dear! (*Aside to* MAX.) Governor, at home I always whistle when I want him.

Enter SPANKER, *r. u. e.;* GRACE *and* MAX *meet him and shake hands.*

SPANKER. Here I am—did you call me, Gay?

SIR H. (*Eyeing him.*) Is that your husband?

LADY G. (*Aside.*) Yes, bless his stupid face, that's my Dolly.

MAX. Permit me to introduce you to Sir Harcourt Courtly.

SPAN. How d'ye do? I—ah!—um!

(*Appears frightened.*)

LADY G. (*Gets behind him, left center.*) Delighted to have the honor of making the acquaintance of a gentleman so highly celebrated in the world of fashion.

SPAN. Oh, yes, delighted, I'm sure—quite—very, so delighted—delighted!

(*Gets quite confused, draws on his glove and tears it.*)

LADY G. Where have you been, Dolly?

SPAN. Oh, ah, I was just outside.

MAX. Why did you not come in?

SPAN. I'm sure I didn't—I don't exactly know, but I thought as—perhaps—I can't remember.

DAZ. Shall we have the pleasure of your company to dinner?

SPAN. I always dine—usually—that is, unless Gay remains—

LADY G. Stay to dinner, of course; we came on purpose to stop three or four days.

GRACE. Will you excuse my absence, Gay?

MAX. What! what! Where are you going? What takes you away?

GRACE. We must postpone the dinner till Gay is dressed.

MAX. Oh, never mind,—stay where you are.

GRACE. No. I must go.

MAX. I say you shan't! I will be king in my own house.

GRACE. Do, my dear uncle (*crosses*); you shall be king, and I'll be your prime minister,—that is, I'll rule, and you shall have the honor of taking the consequences.

(*Exit, left.*)

LADY G. Well said, Grace; have your own way, it is the only thing we women ought to be allowed.

MAX. Come, Gay, dress for dinner.

SIR H. (*Right.*) Permit me, Lady Gay Spanker.

LADY G. (*Center.*) With pleasure,—what do you want?

SIR H. To escort you.

LADY G. Oh, never mind, I can escort myself, thank you, and Dolly too; come, dear! (*Exit, right.*)

SIR H. Au revoir!

SPAN. Ah! thank you! (*Exit, awkwardly, right.*)

SIR H. What an ill-assorted pair!

MAX. Not a bit! She married him for freedom, and she has it; he married her for protection, and he has it.

SIR H. How he ever summoned courage to propose to her, I can't guess.

MAX. (*Takes his arm.*) Bless you, he never did. She proposed to him. She says he would if he could; but as he couldn't, she did it for him.

(*Exeunt* MAX *and* SIR H., *laughing, through window, right.*)

Enter COOL *with letter, left.*

COOL. (*Left.*) Mr. Charles, I have been watching to find you alone. Sir Harcourt has written to town for you.

YOUNG C. The devil he has!

COOL. He expects you down to-morrow evening.

DAZ. (*Center.*) Oh! he'll be punctual. A thought strikes me.

YOUNG C. Pooh! Confound your thoughts! I can think of nothing but the idea of leaving Grace, at the very moment when I had established the most—

DAZ. What if I can prevent her marriage with your governor?

YOUNG C. Impossible!

DAZ. He's pluming himself for the conquest of Lady Gay Spanker. It will not be difficult to make him believe she accedes to his suit. And if she would but join in the plan—

YOUNG C. And do you think she would?

DAZ. I mistake my game if she would not.

COOL. Here comes Sir Harcourt!

DAZ. I'll begin with him. Retire, and watch how I'll open the campaign for you.

(YOUNG COURTLY *and* COOL *retire.*)

Enter SIR HARCOURT, *by window, right.*

SIR H. Here is that cursed fellow again.

DAZ. Ah, my dear old friend!

SIR H. Mr. Dazzle!

DAZ. I have a secret of importance to disclose to you. Are you a man of honor? Hush! don't speak; you are. It is with the greatest pain I am compelled to request you, as a gentleman, that you will shun studiously the society of Lady Gay Spanker!

SIR H. Good gracious! and by what right do you make such a demand?

DAZ. Why, I am distantly related to the Spankers.

SIR H. Why, hang it, sir, if you don't appear to be related to every family in Great Britain!

DAZ. A good many of the nobility claim me as a connection. But, to return—she is much struck with your address; evidently, she laid herself out for display—

SIR H. Ha! you surprise me!

DAZ. To entangle you.

SIR H. Ha! ha! why, it did appear like it.

DAZ. You will spare her for my sake; give her no encouragement; if disgrace come upon my relatives, the Spankers, I should never hold up my head again.

SIR H. (*Aside.*) I shall achieve an easy conquest. Ha! ha! I never remarked it before, but this is a gentleman.

DAZ. May I rely on your generosity?

SIR H. Faithfully. (*Shakes his hand.*) Sir, I honor and esteem you; but, might I ask, how came you to meet our friend, Max Harkaway, in my house?

DAZ. Certainly. I had an acceptance of your son's for one hundred pounds.

SIR H. (*Astonished.*) Of my son's? Impossible.

DAZ. Ah, sir, fact! he paid a debt for a poor unfortunate man—fifteen children—half-a-dozen wives—the devil knows what all.

SIR H. Simple boy.

DAZ. Innocent youth, I have no doubt; when you have the hundred convenient, I shall feel delighted.

SIR H. Oh! follow me to my room, and if you have the document, it will be happiness to me to pay it. Poor Charles! good heart!

DAZ. Oh, a splendid heart! I dare say.

(*Exit* SIR HARCOURT, *left.*)

Come here; bring your splendid heart here and write me the bill.

YOUNG C. (*Right, at table.*) What for?

DAZ. What for? why, to release the unfortunate man and his family, to be sure, from jail.

YOUNG C. Who is he?

DAZ. Yourself.

YOUNG C. But I haven't fifteen children! Nor four wives.

DAZ. More shame for you, with all that family. Come, don't be obstinate; write and date it back.

YOUNG C. Ay, but where is the stamp?

DAZ. Here they are, of all patterns. (*Pulls out a pocket-book.*) I keep them ready drawn in case of necessity, all but the date and acceptance. Now, if you are in an autographic humor, you can try how your signature will look across half-a-dozen of them;—there—write—exactly—you know the place—across—good—and thank your lucky stars that you have found a friend at last, that gives you money and advice. (*Takes paper.*) I'll give the

old gentleman this, and then you can relieve the necessities of your fifteen little unfortunates. (*Exit left.*)

YOUNG C. Things are approaching to a climax; I must appear *in propria persona*—and immediately—but I must first ascertain what are the real sentiments of this riddle of a woman. Does she love me? I flatter myself—by Jove here she comes—I shall never have such an opportunity again! (*Retires up, right.*)

Enter GRACE, *left.*

GRACE. I wish I had never seen Mr. Hamilton. Why does every object appear robbed of the charm it once presented to me? Why do I shudder at the contemplation of this marriage, which, till now, was to me a subject of indifference? (*Crosses, right.*) Am I in love? In love! if I am, my past life has been the work of raising up a pedestal to place my own folly on—I—the infidel—the railer!

YOUNG C. (*Advancing, left.*) Meditating upon matrimony, madam?

GRACE. (*Aside.*) He little thinks he was the subject of my meditations! (*Aloud.*) No, Mr. Hamilton, I—

GRACE. (*Aside.*) I must appear at ease. (*A pause.*)

YOUNG C. Eh? ah! um!

GRACE. Ah! (*They sink into silence again; aside.*) How very awkward!

YOUNG C. Madam—ahem—there was—is—I mean—I was about to remark— (*Aside.*) Why, I have made love before to a hundred women!

GRACE. (*Aside.*) I wish I had something to do, for I have nothing to say.

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

YOUNG C. Madam—there is—a subject so fraught with fate to my future life, that you must pardon my lack of delicacy should a too hasty expression mar the fervent courtesy of its intent. (*Pause.*) To you, I feel aware, I must appear in the light of a comparative stranger. Of you—I know perhaps too much for my own peace.

GRACE. (*Aside.*) He *is* in love.

YOUNG C. I forget all that befell before I saw your beauteous self; I seem born into another world—my nature changed—the beams of that bright face falling on my soul, have, from its chaos, warmed into life the flowrets of affection, whose maiden odors now float toward the sun, pouring forth on their pure tongue a mite of adoration, midst the voices of a universe. (*Aside.*) That's something in her own style.

GRACE. Mr. Hamilton!

YOUNG C. You cannot feel surprised—

GRACE. I am more than surprised.

YOUNG C. Do not speak so coldly.

GRACE. You have offended me.

YOUNG C. No, madam; no woman, whatever her state, can be offended by the adoration even of the meanest; it is myself whom I have offended and deceived—but still I ask your pardon.

GRACE. (*Aside.*) Oh! he thinks I am refusing him. (*Aloud.*) I am not exactly offended, but—

YOUNG C. Consider my position—a few days, and an unsurmountable barrier would have placed you beyond my wildest hopes—you would have been my mother.

(*He starts up, annoyed at having betrayed himself.*)

GRACE. I should have been your mother! (*Aside.*) I thought so.

YOUNG C. No—that is, I meant Sir Harcourt Courtly's bride.

GRACE. (*With great emphasis.*) Never!

YOUNG C. How! never! may I then hope?—you turn away—you would not lacerate me by a refusal?

GRACE. (*Aside.*) How stupid he is!

YOUNG C. Still silent! I thank you, Miss Grace—I ought to have expected this—fool that I have been—one course alone remains—farewell!

GRACE. (*Aside.*) Now he's going.

YOUNG C. Farewell forever! (*Sits.*) Will you not speak one word? I shall leave this house immediately—I shall not see you again.

GRACE. Unhand me, sir, I insist.

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) Oh! what an ass I've been! (*Rushes up to her and seizes her hand.*) Release this hand? Never! never! (*Kissing it.*) Never will I quit this hand! it shall be my companion in misery—in solitude—when you are far away.

GRACE. Oh! should any one come! (*Drops her handkerchief; he stoops to pick it up.*) For Heaven's sake do not kneel. Should we be discovered thus—pray, Mr. Hamilton—pray—pray.

YOUNG C. Pray! I am praying; what more can I do?

GRACE. Your conduct is shameful.

YOUNG C. It is. (*Rises.*)

GRACE. And if I do not scream, it is not for your sake—that—but it might alarm the family.

YOUNG C. It might—it would. Say, am I wholly indifferent to you? I entreat one word—I implore you—do not withdraw your hand. (*She snatches it away—he puts his arm around her waist.*) You smile.

GRACE. Leave me, dear Mr. Hamilton!

YOUNG C. Dear! Then I am dear to you; that word once more; say—say you love me!

GRACE. Is this fair?

(*He catches her in his arms and kisses her.*)

Enter LADY GAY SPANKER, *right.*

LADY G. Ha! oh! (*Exit* GRACE, *left.*)

YOUNG C. The devil!

LADY G. Don't mind me—pray, don't let me be any interruption!

YOUNG C. I was just—

LADY G. Yes, I see you were. I always like to be in at the death. Never drop your ears; bless you, she's only a little fresh—give her her head, and she will outrun herself.

YOUNG C. Possibly; but what am I to do?

LADY G. Keep your seat.

YOUNG C. But in a few days she will take a leap that must throw me—she marries Sir Harcourt Courtly.

LADY G. Why, that is awkward, certainly; but you can challenge him, and shoot him.

YOUNG C. Unfortunately that is out of the question.

LADY G. How so?

YOUNG C. You will not betray a secret, if I inform you?

LADY G. All right—what is it?

YOUNG C. I am his son.

LADY G. What—his son? But he does not know you?

YOUNG C. No; I met him here by chance, and faced it out, I never saw him before in my life.

LADY G. Beautiful! I see it all—you're in love with your mother that should be—your wife, that will be.

YOUNG C. Now, I think I could distance the old gentleman, if you will but lend us your assistance.

LADY G. I will, in anything.

YOUNG C. You must know, then, that my father, Sir Harcourt, has fallen desperately in love with you.

LADY G. With me! (*Utters a scream of delight.*) That is delicious!

YOUNG C. Now, if you only could—

LADY G. Could!—I will! Ha! ha! I see my cue. I'll cross his scent—I'll draw him after me. Ho! ho! won't I make love to him? Ha!

YOUNG C. The only objection might be Mr. Spanker, who might—

LADY G. No, he mightn't; he has no objection. Bless him—you don't know him as well as I do. I dare say—ha! ha! (*Dinner bell rings.*) Here they come to dinner. I'll commence my operations on your governor immediately. Ha! ha! how I shall enjoy it.

YOUNG C. Be guarded!

Enter MAX HARKAWAY, *right;* SIR HARCOURT, *left;* DAZZLE, *right;* GRACE *and* SPANKER, *left.*

MAX. Now, gentlemen—Sir Harcourt, do you lead Grace.

LADY G. I believe Sir Harcourt is engaged to me. (*Takes his arm.*)

MAX. Well, please yourselves.

They file out, left, MAX *first,* YOUNG COURTLY *and* GRACE SIR HARCOURT *coquetting with* LADY GAY, *leaving* DAZZLE, *who offers his arm to* SPANKER, *and walks on.* SPANKER *runs after him, trying to take it.*

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE—*Same as Act Third.* GRACE *and* LADY GAY, *discovered drinking coffee.*

GRACE. (*On ottoman, center.*) If there be one habit more abominable than another, it is that of the gentlemen sitting over their wine; it is a selfish, unfeeling fashion, and a gross insult to our sex.

LADY G. (*Right.*) We are turned out just when the fun begins. How happy the poor wretches look at the contemplation of being rid of us.

GRACE. The conventional signal for the ladies to withdraw is anxiously and deliberately waited for.

LADY G. Then I begin to wish I were a man.

GRACE. The instant the door is closed upon us, there rises a roar!

LADY G. In celebration of their short-lived liberty, my love; rejoicing over their emancipation.

GRACE. I think it very insulting, whatever it may be.

LADY G. Ah! my dear, philosophers say that man is the creature of an hour—it is the dinner hour, I suppose.

DAZ. (*Without.*) A song, a song! (VOICES *as if in approval of the proposition, knocking on table, etc.* "Bravo!" *at back. Enter* SERVANT, *left, to take coffee cups from* LADY GAY *and* GRACE.)

GRACE. I am afraid they are getting too pleasant to be agreeable.

H. Obernauer, 1910,
as Max Harkaway.

LADY G. I hope the squire will restrict himself; after his third bottle he becomes rather voluminous. (*Cries of* "Silence.") Some one is going to sing. (*Jumps up.*) Let us hear! (SPANKER *is heard to sing* "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky"; *after verse, chorus.*)

GRACE. Oh, no, Gay, for Heaven's sake!

LADY G. Oho! ha! ha! why that is my Dolly. (*At the conclusion of the verse.*) Well, I never heard my Dolly sing before! Happy wretches, how I envy them!

Enter JAMES, *left, with a note.*

JAMES. Mr. Hamilton has just left the house for London.

GRACE. Impossible!—that is, without seeing—that is—

LADY G. Ha! ha!

GRACE. He never—speak, sir!

JAMES. He left, Miss Grace, in a desperate hurry, and this note, I believe, for you. (*Presenting a note on salver.*)

GRACE. For me! (*About to snatch it, but restraining herself, takes it coolly.*) (*Exit* JAMES, *left.*) Excuse me, Gay. (*Reads.*) "Your manner during dinner has left me no alternative but instant departure; my absence will release you from the oppression which my society must necessarily inflict on your sensitive mind. Dare I supplicate pardon and oblivion for the past? It is the last request of the self-deceived, but still loving AUGUSTUS HAMILTON."

(*Puts her hand to her forehead and appears giddy.*)

LADY G. Hallo, Grace! Pull up; what's the matter?

GRACE. (*Recovering herself.*) Nothing—the heat of the room.

LADY G. Oh! what excuse does he make? particular unforeseen business, I suppose?

GRACE. Why, yes—a mere formula—a—a—you may put it in the fire. (*Puts it in her bosom.*)

LADY G. (*Aside.*) It is near enough to the fire where it is.

GRACE. (*Center.*) I'm glad he's gone.

LADY G. (*Right.*) So am I.

GRACE. He was a disagreeable, ignorant person.

LADY G. Yes; and so vulgar.

GRACE. No, he was not at all vulgar.

LADY G. I mean in appearance.

GRACE. Oh! how can you say so? he was very *distingué*.

LADY G. Well, I might have been mistaken, but I took him for a forward, intrusive—

GRACE. Good gracious, Gay! he was very retiring—even shy.

LADY G. (*Aside.*) It's all right. *She* is in love,—blows hot and cold in the same breath.

GRACE. How can you be a competent judge? Why, you have not known him more than a few hours,—while I—I—

LADY G. Have known him two days and a quarter! I yield—I confess, I never was, or will be so intimate with him as you appeared to be! Ha! ha!

(*Loud noise of argument; the folding-doors are thrown open.*)

Enter the whole party of GENTLEMEN, *apparently engaged in warm discussion. They assemble in knots, while the* SERVANTS *hand coffee, etc.* MAX, SIR HARCOURT, DAZZLE, *and* SPANKER, *together.*

DAZ. (*Left.*) But, my dear sir, consider the state of the two countries, under such a constitution.

SIR H. (*Left center.*) The two countries! What have they to do with the subject?

MAX. (*Left center.*) Everything. Look at their two legislative bodies.

SPAN. (*Center.*) Ay, look at their two legislative bodies.

SIR H. Why, it would inevitably establish universal anarchy and confusion.

GRACE. (*Right center.*) I think they are pretty well established already.

SPAN. Well, suppose it did, what has anarchy and confusion to do with the subject?

LADY G. (*Right center.*) Do look at my Dolly: he is arguing—talking politics—'pon my life he is. (*Calling.*) Mr. Spanker, my dear!

SPAN. Excuse me, love, I am discussing a point of importance.

LADY G. Oh, that is delicious; he must discuss that to me. (*She goes up and leads him down; he appears to have shaken off his gaucherie; she shakes her head.*) Dolly! Dolly!

SPAN. Pardon me, Lady Gay Spanker, I conceive your mutilation of my sponsorial appellation highly derogatory—to my *amour propre.*

LADY G. Your what? Ho! ho!

SPAN. And I particularly request that, for the future, I may not be treated with that cavalier spirit which does not become your sex nor your station, your ladyship.

LADY G. You have been indulging till you have lost the little wit dribbled into your unfortunate little head—your brains want the whipper-in—you are not yourself.

SPAN. Madam, I am doubly myself; and permit me to inform you, that unless you voluntarily pay obedience to my commands, I shall enforce them.

LADY G. Your commands!

SPAN. Yes, madam; I mean to put a full stop to your hunting.

LADY G. You do! ah! (*Aside.*) I can scarcely speak from delight. (*Aloud.*) Who put such an idea into your head, for I am sure it is not an original emanation of your genius?

SPAN. Sir Harcourt Courtly, my friend; and now, mark me! I request, for your own sake, that I may not be compelled to assert my a—my authority, as your husband. I shall say no more than this—if you persist in your absurd rebellion—

LADY G. Well?

SPAN. Contemplate a separation.

(*Looks at her haughtily and retires, center.*)

LADY G. Now I'm happy! My own little darling, inestimable Dolly, has tumbled into a spirit, somehow. Sir Harcourt, too! Ha! ha! he's trying to make him ill-treat me, so that his own suit may thrive.

SIR H. (*Left, advances.*) Lady Gay!

LADY G. (*Aside.*) Now for it.

(*They sit on ottoman, center.*)

SIR H. What hours of misery were those I passed when, by your secession, the room suffered a total eclipse.

LADY G. Ah! you flatter.

SIR H. No, pardon me, that were impossible. No, believe me, I tried to join in the boisterous mirth, but my thoughts would desert to the drawing-room. Ah! how I envied the careless levity and cool indifference with which Mr. Spanker enjoyed your absence.

DAZ. (*Who is lounging in a chair, right.*) Max, that Madeira is worth its weight in gold; I hope you have more of it.

MAX. (*Right, talking with* GRACE *and* SPANKER.) A pipe, I think.

DAZ. I consider a magnum of that nectar, and a meerschaum of kanaster, the ultimatum of all mundane bliss.

Enter JAMES, *left.*

JAMES. Mr. Charles Courtly! (*Exit, left.*)

SIR H. Ah now, Max, you must see a living apology for my conduct.

Enter YOUNG COURTLY, *dressed very plainly, left.*

Well, Charles, how are you? Don't be afraid. There, Max, what do you say now?

MAX. (*Right center.*) Well, this is the most extraordinary likeness.

GRACE. (*Right, aside.*) Yes—considering it is the original. I am not so easily deceived!

MAX. (*Crosses left center and shakes hands.*) Sir, I am delighted to see you.

YOUNG C. Thank you, sir.

DAZ. (*Right.*) Will you be kind enough to introduce me, Sir Harcourt?

SIR H. This is Mr. Dazzle, Charles.

YOUNG C. Which? (*Looking from* SPANKER, *right center, to* DAZZLE, *right.* DAZZLE *crosses right center, nearly tumbling over* SPANKER, *who goes up.* CHARLES *winks at* DAZZLE.)

SIR H. (*To* LADY GAY.) Is not that refreshing? Miss Harkaway—Charles, this is your mother, or rather will be.

YOUNG C. Madam, I shall love, honor, and obey you punctually. (*Takes out a book, sighs, and goes up, reading.*)

Enter JAMES, *left.*

SIR H. You perceive? Quite unused to society—perfectly ignorant of every conventional rule of life.

JAMES. The doctor and the young ladies have arrived.

(*Exit, left.*)

MAX. The young ladies—now we must go to the hall—I make it a rule always to commence the festivities with a good old country dance—a rattling Sir Roger de Coverly; come, Sir Harcourt.

SIR H. Does this antiquity require a war-whoop in it?

MAX. (*Center.*) Nothing but a nimble foot and a light heart.

SIR H. Lady Gay Spanker, will you honor me by becoming my preceptor?

LADY G. Why, I am engaged—but (*aloud*) on such a plea as Sir Harcourt's, I must waive all obstacles.

(*Gives her hand.*)

MAX. Now, Grace, girl—give your hand to Mr. Courtly.

GRACE. (*Sitting, center.*) Pray, excuse me, uncle—I have a headache.

SIR H. (*Aside left center, leading* LADY GAY.) Jealousy! by the gods. Jealous of my devotions at another's fane! (*Aloud.*) Charles, my boy! amuse Miss Grace during our absence. (*Exit with* LADY GAY, *left.*)

MAX. (*Left.*) But don't you dance, Mr. Courtly?

YOUNG C. (*Right.*) Dance, sir!—I never dance—I can procure exercise in a much more rational manner—and music disturbs my meditations.

MAX. Well, do the gallant.

(*Exit left, with* SPANKER *and* DAZZLE.)

YOUNG C. I never studied that art—but I have a Prize Essay on a hydrostatic subject, which would delight her—

for it enchanted the Reverend Doctor Pump, of Corpus Christi.

GRACE. (*Aside.*) What on earth could have induced him to disfigure himself in that frightful way!—I rather suspect some plot to entrap me into a confession.

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) Dare I confess this trick to her? No! Not until I have proved her affection indisputably. Let me see. (*Takes a chair, and forgetting his assumed character, is about to take his natural free manner.* GRACE *looks surprised. He turns abashed.*) Madam, I have been desired to amuse you.

GRACE. Thank you.

YOUNG C. "The labor we delight in, physics pain." I will draw you a moral, ahem! Subject, the effects of inebriety—which according to Ben Jonson means perplexion of the intellects, caused by imbibing spirituous liquors. About an hour before my arrival, I passed an appalling evidence of the effects of this state—a carriage was overthrown—horses killed—gentleman in a hopeless state, with his neck broken—all occasioned by the intoxication of the post-boy.

GRACE. That is very amusing.

YOUNG C. I found it edifying—nutritious food for reflection—the expiring man desired his best compliments to you.

GRACE. To me? (*She rises.*)

YOUNG C. Yes.

GRACE. His name was—

YOUNG C. Mr. Augustus Hamilton.

GRACE. Augustus! Oh!

(*Affects to faint, sinking on the ottoman.*)

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) Huzza! She loves me!

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

GRACE. But where, sir, did this happen?

YOUNG C. About four miles down the road.

GRACE. He must be conveyed here.

Enter JAMES, *left.*

JAMES. Mr. Meddle, madam. (*Exit, left.*)

Enter MEDDLE, *left.*

MED. On very particular business.

GRACE. The very person. My dear sir!

MED. (*Left.*) My dear madam!

GRACE. (*Center.*) You must execute a very particular commission for me immediately. Mr. Hamilton has met with a frightful accident on the London road, and is in a dying state.

MED. Well! I have no hesitation in saying, he takes it uncommonly easy—he looks as if he was used to it.

GRACE. You mistake; that is not Mr. Hamilton, but Mr. Courtly, who will explain everything, and conduct you to the spot.

YOUNG C. Madam, that were useless, for I omitted to mention a small fact which occurred before I left Mr. Hamilton—he died.

GRACE. Dear me! Oh, then we needn't trouble you, Mr. Meddle. (*Music heard without, left.*) Hark! I hear they are commencing a waltz—if you will ask me—perhaps a turn or two in the dance may tend to dispel the dreadful sensations you have aroused.

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) If I can understand her, hang me! Hears of my death—screams out—and then asks me to waltz! Confound this disguise—I must retain it—I have gone too far with my dad to pull up now. (*Aloud.*) At your service, madam.

(*He crosses behind to left and offers his hand.*)

COLL

W. C. Bullitt, Jr., 1912, W. DeF. Manice, 1911, A. M. Hartwell, 1911,
as Lady Gay Spanker. *as Charles Courtly.* *as Grace Harkaway.*

GRACE. (*Aside.*) I will pay him well for this trick! (*Aloud.*) Ah, poor Augustus Hamilton!

(*Exeunt, left, all but* MEDDLE.)

MED. Well, if that is not Mr. Hamilton, scratch me out with a big blade, for I am a blot. There is an error in the pleadings somewhere, and I will discover it. I would swear to his identity before the most discriminating jury. By the bye, this accident will form a capital excuse for my presence here. I just stepped in to see how matters worked, and—stay—here comes the bridegroom elect—and, oh! in his very arms, Lady Gay Spanker! (*Looks round.*) Where are my witnesses? Oh, that some one else were here! However I can retire and get some information, eh—Spanker *versus* Courtly—damages—witness.

(*Gets into an arm-chair, which he turns round, back to the audience.*)

Enter SIR HARCOURT COURTLY, *supporting* LADY GAY, *left.*

SIR H. This cool room will recover you.

LADY G. Excuse my trusting to you for support.

SIR H. I am transported! Allow me thus ever to support this lovely burden, and I shall conceive that paradise is regained. (*They sit.*)

LADY G. Oh! Sir Harcourt, I feel very faint.

SIR H. The waltz made you giddy.

LADY G. And I have left my salts in the other room.

SIR H. I always carry a flacon, for the express accommodation of the fair sex.

(*Producing a smelling-bottle and sitting right of her.*)

LADY G. Thank you—ah! (*She sighs.*)

SIR H. What a sigh was there!

LADY G. The vapor of consuming grief.

SIR H. Is it possible! Are you unhappy? Dear me!

LADY G. Am I not married?

SIR H. What a horrible state of existence.

LADY G. I am never contradicted, so there are none of those enlivening, interesting little differences, which so pleasingly diversify the monotony of conjugal life, like spots of verdure—no quarrels, like oases in the desert of matrimony—no rows.

SIR H. How vulgar! what a brute!

LADY G. I never have anything but my own way; and he won't permit me to spend more than I like.

SIR H. Mean-spirited wretch!

LADY G. How can I help being miserable?

SIR H. Miserable! I wonder you are not in a lunatic asylum, with such unheard of barbarism!

LADY G. But worse than all that!

SIR H. Can it be out-Heroded?

LADY G. Yes, I could forgive that—I do—it is my duty. But only imagine—picture to yourself, my dear Sir Harcourt, though I, the third daughter of an Earl, married him out of pity for his destitute and helpless situation as a bachelor with ten thousand a year—conceive, if you can—he actually permits me, with the most placid indifference, to flirt with any old fool I may meet.

SIR H. Good gracious! miserable idiot!

LADY G. I fear there is an incompatibility of temper, which renders a separation inevitable.

SIR H. Indispensable, my dear madam! Had another man but looked at you, I should have annihilated him at once; and if he had the temerity to speak, his life alone could have expiated his crime.

LADY G. Oh, an existence of such a nature is too bright for the eye of thought—too sweet to bear reflection.

SIR H. My devotion, eternal, deep—

LADY G. Oh, Sir Harcourt!

SIR H. (*More fervently.*) Your every thought should be a separate study—each wish forestalled by the quick apprehension of a kindred soul.

LADY G. Alas! how can I avoid my fate?

SIR H. If a life—a heart—were offered to your astonished view by one who is considered the index of fashion—the vane of the *beau monde*—if you saw him at your feet begging, beseeching your acceptance of all, and more than this, what would your answer—

LADY G. Ah! I know of none so devoted!

SIR H. You do! (*Throwing himself upon his knees.*) Behold Sir Harcourt Courtly!

(MEDDLE *jumps up into the chair and writes in his memorandum book.*)

LADY G. (*Aside.*) Ha! ha! Yoicks! Puss has broken cover. (MEDDLE *sits again.*)

SIR H. Speak, adored, dearest Lady Gay!—speak—will you fly from the tyranny of such a monster's roof, and accept the soul which lives but in your presence!

LADY G. Do not press me. Oh, spare a weak, yielding woman—be contented to know that you are, alas! too dear to me. But the world—the world would say—

SIR H. Let us be a precedent to open a more extended and liberal view of matrimonial advantages to society.

LADY G. How irresistible is your argument! Oh! pause! (*They put their chairs back.*)

SIR H. I have ascertained for a fact, that every tradesman of mine lives with his wife, and thus you see it has become a vulgar and plebian custom.

LADY G. Leave me; I feel I cannot withstand your powers of persuasion. Swear that you will never forsake me.

SIR H. Dictate the oath. May I grow wrinkled—may two inches be added to the circumference of my waist —may I lose the fall in my back—may I be old and ugly the instant I forego one tithe of adoration.

LADY G. I must believe you.

SIR H. Shall we leave this detestable spot—this horrible vicinity?

LADY G. The sooner the better; to-morrow evening let it be. Now let me return; my absence will be remarked. (*He kisses her hand.*) Do I appear confused? Has my agitation rendered me unfit to enter the room?

SIR H. More angelic by a lovely tinge of heightened color.

LADY G. To-morrow, in this room, which opens on the lawn.

SIR H. At eleven o'clock.

LADY G. The rest of the family will be at supper; I'll plead indisposition. Have your carriage in waiting, and four horses. Remember, please be particular to have four; don't let the affair come off shabbily. Adieu, dear Sir Harcourt! (*Exit, right.*)

SIR H. (*Marches pompously across the stage.*) Veni, vidi, vici! Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, Alexander never completed so fair a conquest. Poor creature! how she loves me! I pity so prostrating a passion, and ought to return it. I will; it is a duty I owe to society and fashion.

(*Exit, left.*)

MED. (*Turns the chair round.*) "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to

fortune." This is my tide—I am the only witness. "Virtue is sure to find its own reward." But I've no time to contemplate what it shall be—something huge. Let me see—Spanker *versus* Courtly—Crim. Con. Damages placed at £150,000 at least, for juries always decimate your hopes.

Enter SPANKER, *left.*

SPAN. I cannot find Gay anywhere.

MED. The plaintiff himself—I must commence the action. Mr. Spanker, as I have information of deep and vital importance to impart, will you take a seat? (*They sit solemnly.* MEDDLE *takes out a note-book and pencil.*) Ahem! You have a wife?

Reënter LADY GAY, *right. She crosses behind to left door, and listens.*

SPAN. (*Left center.*) Yes, I believe I—

MED. (*Right center.*) Will you be kind enough, without any prevarication, to answer my questions?—You have a wife?

SPAN. You alarm—I—

MED. Compose yourself and reserve your feelings; take time to consider. You have a wife?

SPAN. Yes—

MED. He has a wife—good—a *bona fide* wife—bound morally and legally to be your wife, and nobody else's in effect, except on your written permission—

SPAN. But what has this—

MED. Hush! allow me, my dear sir, to congratulate you. (*Shakes his hand.*)

SPAN. What for?

MED. Lady Gay Spanker is about to dishonor the bond of wedlock by eloping from you.

SPAN. (*Starting.*) What?

MED. (*Pushing him down again.*) I thought you would be overjoyed. Place the affair in my hands, and I will venture to promise the largest damages on record.

SPAN. (*Starts up.*) Damn the damages!—I want my wife. Oh, I'll go and ask her not to run away. She may run away with me—she may hunt—she may ride—anything she likes. Oh, sir, let us put a stop to this affair.

MED. (*Who has put the chairs back.*) Put a stop to it! do not alarm me, sir. Sir, you will spoil the most exquisite brief that was ever penned. It must proceed—it shall proceed. It is illegal to prevent it, and I will bring an action against you for wilful intent to injure the profession.

SPAN. Oh, what an ass I am! Oh, I have driven her to this. It was all that cursed brandy punch on the top of Burgundy. What a fool I was!

MED. It was the happiest moment of your life.

SPAN. So I thought at the time; but we live to grow wiser. Tell me, who is the vile seducer?

MED. Sir Harcourt Courtly.

SPAN. Ha! he is my best friend.

MED. I should think he is. If you will accompany me—here is a verbatim copy of the whole transaction in shorthand—sworn to by me.

SPAN. Only let me have Gay back again.

MED. Even that may be arranged—this way.

SPAN. That ever I should live to see my wife run away. Oh, I will do anything—keep two packs of hounds—buy up every horse and ass in England—myself included—oh!

(*Exeunt* SPANKER *and* MEDDLE, *right.*)

LADY G. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Dolly! I'm sorry I must continue to deceive him. If he would but kindle up a little. So, that fellow overheard all—well, so much the better.

Enter YOUNG COURTLY, *left.*

YOUNG C. My dear madam, how fares the plot? does my governor nibble.

LADY G. Nibble! he is caught and in the basket. I have just left him with a hook in his gills, panting for very lack of element. But how goes on your encounter?

YOUNG C. Bravely. By a simple ruse, I have discovered that she loves me. I see but one chance against the best termination I could hope.

LADY G. What is it?

YOUNG C. My father has told me that I return to town again to-morrow afternoon.

LADY G. Well, I insist you stop and dine—keep out of the way.

YOUNG C. Oh, but what excuse shall I offer for disobedience? What can I say when he sees me before dinner?

LADY G. Say—say Grace.

Enter GRACE, *left, and gets behind the window curtains, right center.*

YOUNG C. Ha! ha!

LADY G. I have arranged to elope with Sir Harcourt myself to-morrow night.

YOUNG C. The deuce you have!

LADY G. Now if you could persuade Grace to follow that example—his carriage will be in waiting at the Park—be there a little before eleven, and it will just prevent our escape. Can you make her agree to that?

YOUNG C. Oh, without the slightest difficulty, if Mr. Augustus Hamilton supplicates.

LADY G. Success attend you. (*Going, right.*)

YOUNG C. I will bend the haughty Grace. (*Going, left.*)

LADY G. Do. (*Exeunt severally.*)

GRACE. (*Right center, at back.*) Will you?

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE—*The same.*

Enter COOL, *left.*

COOL. This is the most serious affair Sir Harcourt has ever been engaged in. I took the liberty of considering him a fool when he told me he was going to marry; but voluntarily to incur another man's incumbrance is very little short of madness. If he continues to conduct himself in this absurd manner, I shall be compelled to dismiss him.

Enter SIR HARCOURT, *right, equipped for travelling.*

SIR H. Cool!

COOL. Sir Harcourt.

SIR H. Is my chariot in waiting?

COOL. For the last half hour at the park wicket. But, pardon the insinuation, sir; would it not be more advisable to hesitate for a short reflection before you undertake the heavy responsibility of a woman?

SIR H. No; hesitation destroys the romance of a *faux pas.*

COOL. What is to be done with Mr. Charles?

SIR. You, Cool, must return him to college. Pass through London, and deliver these papers; here is a small notice of the coming elopement for the morning Post; this, by an eye-witness, for the Herald; this, with all the particulars, for the Chronicle; and the full and circumstantial

account for the evening journals—after which, meet us at Boulogne.

COOL. Very good, Sir Harcourt. (*Going, left.*)

SIR H. Lose no time. Remember—Hotel Anglais, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

COOL. It shall be done. (*Exit, left.*)

SIR H. With what indifference does a man of the world view the approach of the most perilous catastrophe!

Enter LADY GAY, *right.*

LADY G. Sir Harcourt!

SIR H. At your feet.

LADY G. I had hoped you would have repented.

SIR H. Repented!

LADY G. Have you not come to say it was a jest?—say you have!

SIR H. Love is too sacred a subject to be trifled with. Come, let us fly! See, I have procured disguises—

LADY G. My courage begins to fail me. Let me return.

SIR H. Impossible!

LADY G. Where do you intend to take me?

SIR H. You shall be my guide. The carriage waits.

LADY G. You will never desert me?

SIR H. Desert! Oh, Heavens! Come, every moment is laden with danger. (*They are going, right.*)

LADY G. Oh! gracious!

SIR H. Hush! what is it?

LADY G. I have forgotten—I must return.

SIR H. Impossible!

LADY G. I must! I must! I have left Max—a pet staghound, in his basket—without whom life would be unendurable—I could not exist!

SIR H. No, no. Let him be sent after us in a hamper.

LADY G. In a hamper! Remorseless man! Go—you love me not. How would you like to be sent after me—in a hamper? Let me fetch him. Hark! I hear him squeal! Oh? Max—Max!

SIR H. Hush! for Heaven's sake. They'll imagine you're calling the Squire. I hear footsteps; where can I retire? (*Goes up, right.*)

Enter MEDDLE, SPANKER, DAZZLE, *and* MAX, *left.* LADY GAY *screams.*

MED. Spanker *versus* Courtly!—I subpœna every one of you as witnesses!—I have 'em ready—here they are—shilling a-piece. (*Giving them round.*)

LADY G. Where is Sir Harcourt?

MED. There!—bear witness!—call on the vile delinquent for protection!

SPAN. Oh! his protection!

LADY G. What? ha!

MED. I'll swear I overheard the whole elopement planned—before any jury!—where's the book?

SPAN. (*To* LADY GAY.) Do you hear, you profligate?

LADY G. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

DAZ. But where is this wretched Lothario?

MED. Ay, where is the defendant?

SPAN. Where lies the hoary villain?

LADY G. What villain?

SPAN. That will not serve you!—I'll not be blinded that way!

MED. We won't be blinded any way!

MAX. I must seek Sir Harcourt, and demand an explanation! Such a thing never occurred in Oak Hall before—it must be cleared up. (*Exit, right.*)

MED. (*Aside to* SPANKER.) Now, take my advice; remember your gender. Mind the notes I have given you.

SPAN. (*Left center, aside.*) All right! Here they are! Now, madam, I have procured the highest legal opinion on this point.

MED. (*Left.*) Hear! hear!

SPAN. And the question resolves itself into a—into—what's this? (*Looks at notes.*)

MED. A nutshell!

SPAN. Yes, we are in a nutshell. Will you, in every respect, subscribe to my requests—desires—commands—(*looks at notes*)—orders—imperative—indicative—injunctive—or otherwise?

LADY G. (*Aside.*) 'Pon my life, he's actually going to assume the ribbons, and take the box-seat. I must put a stop to this. I will! (*To* SPAN.) Mr. Spanker, I have been insulted by Sir Harcourt Courtly. He tried to elope with me; I place myself under your protection—challenge him!

DAZ. (*Right.*) Oh! I smell powder!

LADY G. I know it will all end in smoke: Sir Harcourt would rather run than fight.

DAZ. Command my services. My dear madam, can I be of any use?

SPAN. Oh! a challenge! I must consult my legal adviser.

MED. No! impossible! (*Crosses, right center.*)

DAZ. Pooh! the easiest thing in life! Leave it to me. What has an attorney to do with affairs of honor?—they are out of his element.

MED. Compromise the question! Pull his nose!—we have no objection to that.

DAZ. (*Turning to* LADY GAY.) Well, we have no objection either—have we?

LADY G. No!—pull his nose, that will be something.

MED. And, moreover, it is not exactly actionable!

DAZ. Isn't it!—thank you—I'll note down that piece of information—it may be useful.

MED. How! cheated out of my legal knowledge?

(*Crosses to* DAZZLE, *who signifies he will pull his nose;* MEDDLE *hastily gets back to left.*)

LADY G. (*Crosses to left center.*) Mr. Spanker, I am determined!—I insist upon a challenge being sent to Sir Harcourt Courtly!—and—mark me—if you refuse to fight him, I will.

MED. Dont; take my advice, you'll incapacit—

LADY G. Look you, Mr. Meddle, unless you wish me to horsewhip you, hold your tongue.

MED. What a she-tiger—I shall retire and collect my costs. (*Exit, left.*)

LADY G. Mr. Spanker, oblige me by writing as I dictate.

SPAN. Don't go! He's gone—and now I am defenceless! Is this the fate of husbands!—a duel! Is this the result of becoming master of my own family?

LADY G. Come, Dolly!

SPAN. I won't be Dollied!

(*Sits left center,* DAZZLE *wheels him round to left table, and sits on the arm of the chair.*)

LADY G. "Sir, the situation in which you were discovered with my wife, admits of neither explanation nor apology."

SPAN. Oh, yes! but it does—I don't believe you really intended to run quite away.

LADY G. You do not; but I know better, I say I did, and if it had not been for your unfortunate interruption, I do not know where I might have been by this time. Go on.

SPAN. "Nor apology." I'm writing my own death-warrant—committing suicide on compulsion.

LADY G. "The bearer"—

SPAN. That will be you.

DAZ. I am the bearer.

LADY G. "Will arrange all preliminary matters, for another day must see this sacrilege expiated by your life or that of"—the bearer?

DAZ. No.

LADY G. "Yours very sincerely (*looking at* DAZZLE)—very sincerely?—(LADY GAY *and* DAZZLE *repeat* "very sincerely," *which* SPANKER *repeats in astonishment.*)

DAZ. "Dolly Spanker."

LADY G. Dolly? No! No!

SPAN. Oh! "Adolphus Spanker."

LADY G. Now, Mr. Dazzle.

(*Gives the letter over his head.*)

DAZ. The document is as sacred as if it were a hundred pound bill.

LADY G. We trust to your discretion.

SPAN. His discretion! Oh, put your head in a tiger's mouth, and trust to his discretion!

DAZ. (*Sealing letter, etc., with* SPANKER'S *seal.*) My dear Lady Gay, matters of this kind are indigenous to my nature, independently of their pervading fascination to all humanity; but this is the more especially delightful, as you may perceive I shall be the intimate and bosom friend of both parties.

LADY G. Is it not the only alternative in such a case?

DAZ. It is a beautiful panacea in any, in every case. (*Going—returns.*) By the way where would you like this party of pleasure to come off? Open air shooting is pleasant enough, but if I might venture to advise, we could order half-a-dozen of that Madeira and a box of cigars into the billiard room, so make a night of it. Take up the irons every now and then; string for first shot, and blaze away at one another in an amicable and gentlemanlike way; so conclude the matter before the potency of the liquor could disturb the individuality of the object, or the smoke of the cigars render the outline dubious. Does such an arrangement concide with your views?

LADY G. Perfectly.

DAZ. I trust shortly to be the harbinger of happy tidings. (*Exit, left.*)

SPAN. (*Crosses.*) Lady Gay Spanker, are you ambitious of becoming a widow?

LADY G. Why, Dolly, woman is at her best but weak, and weeds become me.

SPAN. Female! am I to be immolated on the altar of your vanity?

LADY G. If you become pathetic, I shall laugh.

SPAN. You are laughing! Farewell—base, heartless, unfeeling woman. (*Exit, left.*)

LADY G. Ha! well, so I am! I am heartless, for he is a dear, good little fellow, and I ought not to play upon his feelings; but 'pon my life he sounds so well up at concert pitch, that I feel disinclined to untune him. Poor Doll, I didn't think he cared so much about me. I will put him out of pain.

(*Exit, left.* SIR HARCOURT *comes down from window.*)

LIBRARY ST. MARK'S COLLEGE

SIR H. I have been a fool! a dupe to my own vanity. I shall be pointed at as a ridiculous old coxcomb—and so I am—and has the world been ever laughing at me? Well, if it has I will revert the joke; they may say I am an old ass; but I will prove that I am neither too old to repent my folly, nor such an ass as to flinch from confessing it. A blow half met is but half felt.

Enter DAZZLE, *left.*

DAZ. Sir Harcourt, may I be permitted the honor of a few minutes' conversation with you?

SIR H. With pleasure.

DAZ. Have the kindness to throw your eye over that.

(*Gives letter.*)

SIR H. (*Reads.*) "Situation — my wife — apology — expiate—my life." Why, this is intended for a challenge.

DAZ. Why, indeed, I am perfectly aware that it is not quite *en regle* in the couching, for with that I had nothing to do; but I trust that the irregularity of the composition will be confounded in the beauty of the subject.

SIR H. Mr. Dazzle, are you in earnest?

DAZ. Sir Harcourt Courtly, upon my honor I am, and I hope that no previous engagement will interfere with an immediate reply in *propria persona.* We have fixed upon the billiard room as the scene of action, which I have just seen properly illuminated in honor of the occasion; and, by the bye, if your implements are not handy, I can oblige you with a pair of the sweetest things you ever handled—hair-triggered—saw grip; heir-looms in my family. I regard them almost in the light of relations.

SIR H. Sir, I shall avail myself of one of your relatives. Sir, I am happy to meet Mr. Spanker at any time or place he may appoint.

W. C. Bullitt, Jr., 1912,
as Lady Gay Spanker.

DAZ. The sooner the better, sir. Allow me to offer you my arm. I see you understand these matters;—my friend Spanker is wofully ignorant—miserably uneducated.

(*Exeunt left.*)

Reënter MAX *with* GRACE, *right.*

MAX. (*Left.*) Give ye joy, girl, give ye joy. Sir Harcourt Courtly must consent to waive all title to your hand in favor of his son Charles.

GRACE. (*Right.*) Oh, indeed! Is that the pitch of your congratulation—hum! the exchange of an old fool for a young one? Pardon me if I am not able to distinguish the advantage.

MAX. Advantage!

GRACE. Moreover, by what right am I a transferable cipher in the family of Courtly? So, then, my fate is reduced to this, to sacrifice my fortune, or unite myself with a worm-eaten edition of the Classics.

MAX. Why, he certainly is not such a fellow as I could have chosen for my little Grace; but consider, to retain fifteen thousand a year! Now, tell me honestly—but why should I say *honestly?* Speak, girl, would you rather not have the lad?

GRACE. Why do you ask me?

MAX. Why look ye, I'm an old fellow; another hunting season or two, and I shall be in at my own death—I can't leave you this house and land, because they are entailed, nor can I say I am sorry for it, for it is a good law; but I have a little box with my Grace's name upon it, where, since your father's death and miserly will, I have yearly placed a certain sum to be yours, should you refuse to fulfil the conditions prescribed.

GRACE. My own dear uncle!

(*Clasping him round the neck.*)

MAX. Pooh! pooh! what's to do now? Why, it was only a trifle—why, you little rogue, what are you crying about?

GRACE. Nothing, but—

MAX. But what? Come, out with it. Will you have young Courtly?

Reënter LADY GAY, *left.*

LADY G. Oh! Max, Max!

MAX. Why, what's amiss with you?

LADY G. I'm a wicked woman!

MAX. What have you done?

LADY G. Everything! oh, I thought Sir Harcourt was a coward, but now I find that a man may be a coxcomb without being a poltroon. Just to show my husband how inconvenient it is to hold the ribbons sometimes, I made him send a challenge to the old fellow, and he, to my surprise, accepted it, and is going to blow my Dolly's brains out in the billiard room.

MAX. The devil!

LADY G. Just when I imagined I had got my whip hand of him again, out comes my linch-pin—and over I go—oh!

MAX. I will soon put a stop to that—a duel under my roof! Murder in Oak Hall! I'll shoot them both!

(*Exit, left.*)

GRACE. Are you really in earnest?

LADY G. Do you think it looks like a joke? Oh! Dolly, if you allow yourself to be shot, I will never forgive you—never! Ah, he is a great fool, Grace! but I can't tell why,

I would sooner lose my bridle hand than he should be hurt on my account. (*Two shots are fired without, left.*)

Enter SIR HARCOURT, *left.*

Tell me—tell me—have you shot him—is he dead—my dear Sir Harcourt? You horrid old brute—have you killed him? I shall never forgive myself. (*Exit, left.*)

GRACE. (*Right.*) Oh, Sir Harcourt, what has happened?

SIR H. (*Left.*) Don't be alarmed, I beg—your uncle interrupted us—discharged the weapons—locked the challenger up in the billiard-room to cool his rage.

GRACE. Thank Heaven!

SIR H. Miss Grace, to apologize for my conduct were useless, still reparation is in my power, and I not only waive all title, right, or claim to your person or your fortune, but freely admit your power to bestow them on a more worthy object.

GRACE. This generosity, Sir Harcourt, is most unexpected.

SIR H. No, not generosity, but simply justice, justice!

GRACE. May I still beg a favor?

SIR H. Claim anything that is mine to grant.

GRACE. You have been duped by Lady Gay Spanker, I have also been cheated and played upon by her and Mr. Hamilton—may I beg that the contract between us may, to all appearance, be still held good?

SIR H. Certainly, although I confess I cannot see the point of your purpose.

Enter MAX, *with* YOUNG COURTLY, *left.*

MAX. Now, Grace, I have brought the lad.

GRACE. Thank you, uncle, but the trouble was quite unnecessary—Sir Harcourt holds to his original contract.

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

MAX. The deuce he does!

GRACE. And I am willing—nay, eager, to become Lady Courtly.

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) The deuce you are!

MAX. But, Sir Harcourt—

SIR H. One word, Max, for an instant.

(*They retire, off right.*)

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) What can this mean? Can it be possible that I have been mistaken—that she is not in love with Augustus Hamilton?

GRACE. (*Aside.*) Now we shall find how he intends to bend the haughty Grace.

YOUNG C. Madam—Miss, I mean—are you really in earnest—are you in love with my father?

GRACE. No, indeed I am not.

YOUNG C. Are you in love with any one else?

GRACE. No, or I should not marry him.

YOUNG C. Then you actually accept him as your husband?

GRACE. In the common acceptation of the word.

YOUNG C. Why do you marry him, if you don't care about him?

GRACE. To save my fortune.

YOUNG C. Were you never in love?

GRACE. Never!

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) Oh! what an ass I've been! (*Aloud.*) I heard Lady Gay mention something about a Mr. Hamilton.

GRACE. Ah, yes, a person who, after an acquaintance-ship of two days, had the assurance to make love to me, and I—

YOUNG C. Yes—you—well?

GRACE. I pretended to receive his attentions.

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) It was the best pretence I ever saw.

GRACE. An absurd, vain, conceited coxcomb, who appeared to imagine that I was so struck with his fulsome speech that he could turn me round his finger.

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) My very thoughts!

GRACE. But he was mistaken.

YOUNG C. Yet you seemed rather concerned about the news of his accident.

GRACE. His accident? No, but—

YOUNG C. But what?

GRACE. (*Aside.*) What can I say? (*Aloud.*) Ah, but my maid Pert's brother is a post-boy, and I thought he might have sustained an injury, poor boy.

YOUNG C. Madam, if the retention of your fortune be the plea on which you are about to bestow your hand on one you do not love, and whose very actions speak his carelessness for that inestimable jewel he is incapable of appreciating—know that I am devotedly, madly attached to you.

GRACE. You, sir? Impossible!

YOUNG C. Not at all—but inevitable—I have been so for a long time.

GRACE. Why, you never saw me until last night.

YOUNG C. I have seen you in imagination—you are the ideal I have worshipped.

GRACE. Since you press me into a confession—which nothing but this could bring me to speak—know, I did love poor Augustus Hamilton—

Reënter MAX *and* SIR HARCOURT, *right.*

but he—he is—no—more! Pray, spare me, sir.

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

YOUNG C. (*Aside.*) She loves me! And, oh! here's my governor again! What a situation I am in. What is to be done?

Enter LADY GAY, *left.*

LADY G. Where have you put my Dolly? I have been racing all round the house—tell me, is he quite dead?

MAX. I'll have him brought in. (*Exit, left.*)

SIR H. (*Right.*) My dear madam, you must perceive this unfortunate occurrence was no fault of mine. I was compelled to act as I have done—I was willing to offer any apology, but that resource was excluded as unacceptable.

LADY G. I know—I know—'twas I made him write that letter—there was no apology required—'twas I that apparently seduced you from the paths of propriety—'twas all a joke, and here is the end of it.

Enter MAX, SPANKER *and* DAZZLE, *left.*

Oh, if he had but lived to say, "I forgive you, Gay!"

SPAN. So I do!

LADY G. (*Seeing* SPANKER.) Ah! he is alive!

SPAN. Of course I am!

LADY G. Ha! ha! ha! (*Embraces him.*) I will never hunt again—unless you wish it. Sell your stable—

SPAN. No, no,—do what you like—say what you like for the future! I find the head of the family has less ease and more responsibility than I, as a member, could have anticipated. I abdicate!

(*They go up, his arm round her waist, hers on his shoulder.*)

Enter COOL, *left.*

SIR H. Ah! Cool, here! (*Aside to* COOL.) You may destroy those papers—I have altered my mind, and I do not intend to elope at present. Where are they?

COOL. As you seemed particular, Sir Harcourt, I sent them off by the mail to London.

SIR H. Why, then, a full description of the whole affair will be published to-morrow.

COOL. Most irretrievably!

SIR H. You must post to town immediately, and stop the press.

COOL. Beg pardon—but they would see me hanged first, Sir Harcourt; they don't frequently meet with such a profitable lie.

JAMES. (*Without.*) No, sir! no, sir!

Enter James, left.

JAMES. Sir, there's a gentleman, who calls himself Mr. Solomon Isaacs, insists upon following me up. (*Exit, left.*)

Enter MR. SOLOMON ISAACS, *left.*

ISAACS. Mr. Courtly, you will excuse my performance of a most disagreeable duty at any time, but more especially in such a manner. I must beg the honor of your company to town.

SIR H. What! how! what for?

ISAACS. (*Left center.*) For debt, Sir Harcourt.

SIR H. (*Center.*) Arrested? impossible! Here must be some mistake.

ISAACS. Not the slightest, sir. Judgment has been given in five cases, for the last three months; but Mr. Courtly is an eel rather too nimble for my men. We have been on his track, and traced him down to this village, with Mr. Dazzle.

DAZ. (*Right.*) Ah! Isaacs! how are you?

ISAACS. Thank you, sir. (*Speaks to* SIR HARCOURT.)

MAX. (*Left.*) Do you know him?

DAZ. Oh, intimately! Distantly related to his family—same arms on our escutcheon—empty purse falling thro' a hole in a pocket; motto, "Requiescat in pace"—which means, "Let virtue be its own reward."

SIR H. (*To* ISAACS.) Oh, I thought there was a mistake! Know to your misfortune, that Mr. Hamilton was the person you dogged to Oak Hall, between whom and my son a most remarkable likeness exists.

ISAACS. Ha! ha! Know, to your misfortune, Sir Harcourt, that Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Courtly are one and the same person!

SIR H. Charles!

YOUNG C. (*Up center.*) Concealment is in vain—I am Augustus Hamilton.

SIR H. Hang me if I didn't think it all along! Oh you infernal cozening dog! (*Crosses to him.*)

ISAACS. Now, then, Mr. Courtly—

GRACE. (*Center.*) Stay, sir—Mr. Charles Courtly is under age—ask his father.

SIR H. Ahem!—I won't—I won't pay a shilling of the rascal's debts—not a sixpence!

GRACE. Then I will—you may retire.

(*Exit* ISAACS, *left.*)

YOUNG C. I can now perceive the generous point of your conduct towards me; and, believe me, I appreciate, and will endeavor to deserve it.

MAX. (*Crosses.*) Ha! ha! Come, Sir Harcourt, you have been fairly beaten—you must forgive him—say you will.

SIR H. So, sir, it appears you have been leading, covertly, an infernal town life?

YOUNG C. (*Center.*) Yes, please, father.

(*Imitating* MASTER CHARLES.)

SIR H. None of your humbug, sir! (*Aside.*) He is my own son—how could I expect him to keep out of the fire? (*Aloud.*) And you, Mr. Cool!—have you been deceiving me?

COOL. (*Right.*) Oh! Sir Harcourt, if *your* perception was played upon, how could *I* be expected to see?

(*Pause—he goes up and off, left.*)

SIR H. Well, it would be useless to withhold my hand. There, boy! (*He gives his hand to* YOUNG COURTLY, *left.* GRACE *comes down on the right side and offers her hand; he takes it.*) What is all this? What do you want?

YOUNG C. Your blessing, father.

GRACE. If you please, father.

SIR H. Oho! the mystery is being solved. So, so, you young scoundrel, you have been making love—under the rose.

LADY G. (*Left center.*) He learnt that from you, Sir Harcourt.

SIR H. Ahem! What would you do now, if I were to withhold my consent?

GRACE. *Do* without it.

MAX. The will says, if Grace marries any one but you, her property reverts to your heir-apparent—and there he stands.

LADY G. Make a virtue of necessity.

SPAN. (*Right.*) I married from inclination, and see how happy I am. And if ever I have a son—

LADY G. Hush! Dolly, dear!

SIR H. Well! take her, boy! Although you are too young to marry. (*They retire with* MAX.)

LADY G. Am I forgiven, Sir Harcourt?

SIR H. Ahem! Why—a—(*Aside.*) Have you really deceived me?

LADY G. Can you not see through this?

SIR H. And you still love me?

LADY G. As much as ever I did.

SIR H. (*Is about to kiss her hand, when* SPANKER *interposes between them.*) A very handsome ring, indeed.

SPAN. Very.

(*Puts her arm in his and they go up to* DAZZLE.)

SIR H. Poor little Spanker!

MAX. (*Coming down, left, aside to* SIR HARCOURT.) One point I wish to have settled. Who is Mr. Dazzle?

SIR H. (*Center.*) A relative of the Spankers, he told me.

MAX. Oh, no, a near connection of yours.

SIR H. Never saw him before I came down here, in all my life. (*To* YOUNG COURTLY.) Charles, who is Mr. Dazzle?

YOUNG C. Who? I don't know. Dazzle, Dazzle (DAZZLE *comes right*), will you excuse an impertinent question?

DAZ. (*Right.*) Certainly.

YOUNG C. Who the deuce are you?

DAZ. I have not the remotest idea.

ALL. How, sir?

DAZ. Simple question as you may think it, it would puzzle half the world to answer. One thing I can vouch—Nature made me a gentleman—that is, I live on the best

that can be procured for credit. I never spend my own money when I can oblige a friend.

Sir H. And these are the deeds which attest your title to the name of gentleman? No, sir! The title of gentleman is the only one *out* of any monarch's gift, yet within the reach of every peasant. It should be engrossed by *Truth*—stamped with *Honor*—sealed with *Good-feeling*—signed *Man*—and enrolled in every true young heart.

The End.

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

ADVERTISEMENTS

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

BROADWAY COR. TWENTY-SECOND ST.
NEW YORK.

In addition to our assortment of Imported Suitings—the most extensive of its kind in this country—we invite attention to our very complete selection of Ready-Made Suits and Overcoats, cut on distinctive lines. Our stock also affords: Suitable Equipment for Motoring, Riding, Driving, Polo, and the Hunt.

All requisites for the Traveler, including Steamer and Cabin Trunks, Bags and Rugs, Special Auto Trunks, Dress Suit Cases, Valises, Portmanteaux and Fitted Cases—Light, but durable and handsome.

Luncheon and Tea Baskets.

English Hats, with many novelties in negligee shapes.

Shoes for Street, Dress or Sporting Wear.

All details of Men's Furnishing Goods, including many imported articles not to be found elsewhere in America.

Distinctive Livery Appointments for Indoor and Outdoor Service.

Illustrated Catalogue on request.

Telephone, 3044 Bryant

The Eaves' Costume Co.

THEATRICAL COSTUMERS

Manufacturers and Dealers

Costumes to Hire for Professionals and Amateurs

226 WEST 41st STREET

One block West of Broadway NEW YORK

JENKINS & THOMPSON
INCORPORATED

Remember
that we have the "men's wear" that makes a sale every time.

Remember
that quality and the prices will "fit" and you'll be glad you came to see us about your shirts, underwear and gloves.

Remember
we are centrally located. Our store is 880 Chapel Street, opposite the Town Pump.

See us about your silk hat—"Knox"

HOTEL BELMONT

NEW YORK

BARBER SHOP

JOHN WERSHING, Proprietor

AMERICA'S FOREMOST THEATRES AND HITS

Under direction of SAM S. and LEE SHUBERT, Inc.

HIPPODROME

Direction of the Messrs. Shubert. 6th Ave., 43d—44th Sts.

MOST COLOSSAL CONCEPTION OF THE CENTURY

TWICE DAILY

Matinees at 2. Best Seats $1.00 Evenings at 8, 25c. to $1.50

A TRIP TO JAPAN

THE ULTIMATE ISLAND OF SPECTACULAR ACHIEVEMENT

Superb, Stupendous Scenic Series, Seventeen Separate Sumptuous Sets

---

COMPLETE CIRCUS

BALLET OF JEWELS

New York's Notable Novelty

THE FIGHTING MAORIS

Tribe of 60 Savage New Zealand Natives in Frenzied Dancing Feats

INSIDE THE EARTH

FRANCIS R. COOLEY

BANKER

49 PEARL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.

HIGH GRADE BONDS AND STOCKS
LOCAL SECURITIES

Randall Studio

1064 Chapel Street

J. P. ANDERSON, Proprietor

PHOTOGRAPHY AND ART GOODS

We Make and Deliver Frames on Short Notice

WILSON'S PHARMACY, Inc.

COR. YORK AND ELM STS.

ALL A YALE MAN NEEDS IN OUR LINE

GET IT AT WILSON'S

Agents for Allegretti's, Menier and Belle Mead Chocolates

GOLDBAUM & RAPOPORT

University Tailors

1073 CHAPEL STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ASTOR HOUSE, N. Y., WEDNESDAYS

China and Japan Trading Company

LIMITED

Nos. 32 to 38 Burling Slip

NEW YORK

Nos. 4 and 5 East India Ave.
Leadenhall St., London, E. C.

No. 3 Lloyds House, Albert Square, Manchester

No. 2 Sungkiang Road, Shanghai, China

No. 89 Yamashita Cho, Yokohama
No. 88 Naka Machi, Kobe
No. 20 Nakanoshima 7 Chome, Osaka
No. 4 Oura, Nagasaki
} JAPAN

EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS

A SPORTING PROPOSITION

If a Yale man buys a Wisconsin Corliss Engine within a year from date, the Wisconsin Engine Co. pays the Yale Dramatic Association three times the cost of this full page—if no Engine is sold we pay them nothing.

Now honestly, we could not let this proposition pass us. So *Yale Men—Get in the Game.* When you need a Corliss Engine, let the Wisconsin Engine Co. show you that their Engines are the best, and then buy one. Their address is given below, and they will gladly furnish any engineering information relative to the generation of power.

WISCONSIN ENGINE COMPANY

ENGINEERS AND BUILDERS

CORLISS, WISCONSIN

DO YOU USE PRESS CLIPPINGS?

¶ It will more than pay you to secure our extensive service covering all subjects, trade and personal, and get the benefit of the best and most systematic reading of all papers and periodicals, here and abroad, at minimum cost. Why miss taking advantage for obtaining the best possible results in your line ?

¶ Our service is taken by all progressive people, business men, publishers, authors, etc., and is the card index for securing what you want and need, as every article of interest is at your daily command.

¶ Write for terms, or send your order for 100 clippings at $5.00 or 1,000 clippings at $35.00.

SPECIAL RATES QUOTED FOR LARGE ORDERS

THE MANHATTAN PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

ARTHUR CASSOT, Proprietor

334 FIFTH AVE., Corner 33d Street (Cambridge Building), NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED IN 1888

THE Arthur M. Rosenberg CO.

TAILORS

1014 CHAPEL ST.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A Shop Devoted to Exclusive Style, and to the Requirements of Careful Dressers

RICHES TAKE WINGS

A Chicago Four Millionaire's estate shows $50.95 in cash after claims, debts and fees are paid.

A small portion of the amount paid for fees alone would have secured a large income through life for the beneficiaries—and no fees, taxes or cost of administration—through a policy in the

Phoenix Mutual Life, *Established 1857* **Hartford, Conn.**

JOHN M. HOLCOMBE, President — WILLIAM A. MOORE, 1st V. P.
A. A. WELCH, 2d V. P. and Actuary — S. H. CORNWELL, Secretary

DIRECTORS

JONATHAN B. BUNCE, JOHN M. HOLCOMBE, ISAAC W. BROOKS, JOHN D. BROWNE, LOUIS R. CHENEY, JOHN P. ELTON, CHARLES E. GROSS, CHARLES M. JARVIS, LEE MCCLUNG, WILLIAM A. MOORE, JAMES NICHOLS, SILAS W. ROBBINS, EDWARD D. ROBBINS, ARCHIBALD A. WELCH, F. L. WILCOX.

Course of Instruction and Many Aids for Young Men Entering the Business.

The Garde

Asylum and High Streets (ONE BLOCK FROM UNION STATION) **Hartford, Conn.**

Beautifully Located
Facing Bushnell Park and State Capitol

Connecticut's Largest and Most Modern Hotel

European and American Plans

On direct Motor Route, New York to Boston — GARAGE

WALTER S. GARDE

Headquarters of Yale University Crew and Base Ball Team "1909"

Fireproof. European Plan. Cafe. Banquet Hall

Single Rooms and Suites **Transient and Permanent**

ARTHUR F. HEEB, Manager

Hotel Stenton

BROAD AND SPRUCE STREETS

PHILADELPHIA

GOLDBAUM & CO.

Importing Tailors

1106 CHAPEL ST., NEAR YORK

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Hotel Cumberland

NEW YORK

S. W. Corner Broadway at 54th St.

Near 50th St. Subway Station and 53d St. Elevated. Broadway cars from Grand Central Depot pass the door.

Kept by a College Man

Headquarters for College Men

Special Rates for College Teams

NEW AND FIREPROOF

Most attractive hotel in New York. Rates Reasonable, $2.50 with bath and up. All outside rooms. Send for booklet.

HARRY P. STIMSON,
formerly with Hotel Imperial

10 MINUTES' WALK TO 20 THEATRES

Headquarters for Yale Men

Kligerman

Wood and Storage Co.

16 Orchard Street

Telephone 1783

THOMAS A. BIDDLE & CO.

Stock Brokers

Members
Philadelphia and New York Stock Exchanges

Investment Securities

COMMISSION ORDERS
TRANSACTED IN ALL MARKETS

---

326 Walnut Street
210 Real Estate Trust Building

PHILADELPHIA

McMILLAN BROS.

Tailors and Importers

101 Tremont Street, Boston

Mr. A. McMillan will be at the New Haven House every other week.

CLOTHES DON'T MAKE THE MAN

But they do display him to the best advantage

OUR PROFESSION IS CLOTHES

RICHMOND & WEINSTEIN

1134 CHAPEL STREET

FRANK COLLINS

Bicycles and Phonographs

Repairing a Specialty

11 Broadway, New Haven, Conn.

Telephone 4408

ORENSTEIN & ALEXANDER

Tailors and Importers

1104 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK

Astor House, Corner Broadway and Vesey Street, every Thursday

THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF CINCINNATI, OHIO

The best company for the policy-holder, because its management is most economical, its mortality is the lowest, and it earns the highest rate of interest on its investments of all American companies.

Its dividends to policy-holders are much larger than those paid by any other company.

JOHN E. DUNN, Manager for Connecticut

840 CHAPEL STREET

M. JACOBS

Tailor for Men

CHAPEL STREET AT THE CORNER OF HIGH

Just under the Roxbury

Nobby Suitings for Spring

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE HERMITAGE

A CLUB HOTEL FOR MEN

The name tells the story

Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street

JUNCTION OF BROADWAY

Restaurant on the street floor, a restaurant where ladies are welcome
Every other part of the house exclusively for men

Telephones in every room *Send for booklet*

The
Mercantile National Bank
of the City of New York

Capital, $3,000,000

Surplus, $2,000,000

OFFICERS

WILLIS G. NASH, President
MILES M. O'BRIEN, Vice President
WILLIAM SKINNER, Vice President
WILLIAM H. TAYLOR, Vice President
EMIL KLEIN, Cashier

BYRON

THE NEW YORK

PHOTOGRAPHER

Sends men anywhere to make Flashlight Pictures of the highest class, Private Interiors, Banquets, Family Reunions, Weddings, Dances, Theatricals, Business Offices and every kind of Interior Work, at

New York City prices plus traveling expenses

Satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed

ADDRESS:

BYRON COMPANY

1159 Marbridge Building NEW YORK

HALL'S STUDIO

1456 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Iroquois
Buffalo, New York

Hotel Marie Antoinette
Broadway and 66th-67th Street
New York City

Grand Union Hotel
Saratoga Springs, New York

Under the Management
of
WOOLLEY & GERRANS

PIANOS AND MUSIC

Loomis' Temple of Music

837 Chapel Street New Haven, Conn.

Corbin

IMPORTING TAILOR

1000 CHAPEL ST., NEW HAVEN
212 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

A. E. ROSENBERG

Tailor and Suit Presser

Contract work by month, term or year
COMMUTATION TICKET

REPAIRING, ALTERING and DYEING
DRY CLEANING A SPECIALTY

Work called for and delivered to any part of the city

1125 Chapel, corner York Street Telephone 3013

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT Telephone 820

KIRK & CO., Inc.

HACKS, COUPES, BUSSES AND LIVERY

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Office and Stables: 170 Temple Street

1848

1910

Skinner's Satin

(27 and 36 inches wide)

ALWAYS HAS THE NAME WOVEN IN THE SELVAGE AND IS GUARANTEED TO WEAR TWO SEASONS

William Skinner Manufacturing Co.

Dept. L, 107-109 Bleecker St., New York City

Mills, Holyoke, Mass.

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA BOSTON

MODERN METHODS

FILING CABINETS
AND
ACCESSORIES

LARGEST VARIETY SHOWN IN CONNECTICUT

FILING SYSTEMS STORE

The Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Company

179 CROWN STREET · New Haven, Conn.

THE STRATFIELD

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

FIREPROOF

Main, Golden Hill and Chapel Streets. (Two Blocks from Railway Station)

The Largest and Best Equipped Hotel between New York and Boston
Unexcelled Accommodations for Automobile Parties

275 ROOMS H. C. GRISWOLD, Manager 250 Rooms with Bath

J. HYSLER

Barber Shop

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

Hotel Manhattan, New York
Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue

PACH BROTHERS

College Photographers

Branch of
935 Broadway, New York

1024 Chapel Street
New Haven, Conn.

DE LANCEY SCHOOL

1420 PINE STREET

PHILADELPHIA

Largest and best equipped College Preparatory School in any city in the United States

UPPER SCHOOL LOWER SCHOOL PRIMARY

Catalogue on application

COLEMAN P. BROWN, Head Master

A. B. BABBITT, Associate Head Master

HYPERION THEATRE

New Haven's Leading Play House

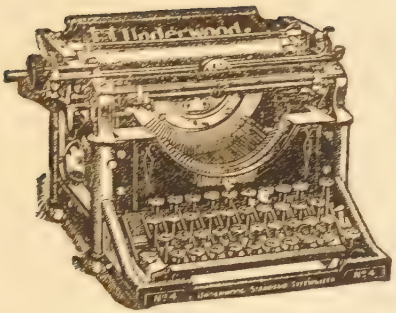
SAM. S. and LEE SHUBERT, Inc., Mgrs. E. D. ELDRIDGE, Res. Mgr.

Playing only Standard Attractions

BOOTH, GARRETT & BLAIR

Analyzing Chemists

PHILADELPHIA



Your Stenographer

will do

More Work

Every Day with the

UNDERWOOD

STANDARD

TYPEWRITER

Because—Visible writing as originated in the Underwood, entirely eliminates the wasted time and energy spent in lifting the carriage of a "blind" machine. It allows the operator to keep the mind continually on the work—consequently there are fewer errors, greater accuracy and neater work.

Let us show you a few of the exclusive features and demonstrate to your entire satisfaction, the immeasurable superiority of

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

THE UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.
18 CENTER STREET, NEW HAVEN

GRADY FURNITURE CO.

1012 Chapel Street, opp. Osborn Hall

Are showing a full line of

L. & J. G. Stickley Co.'s Handcraft Furniture

Exclusive Selling Agents
for this well known line

Specialists in Furnishings for
Student Apartments

"TAYLOR" ON IT

means it's the best athletic article you can buy. SWEATERS, SNEAKERS, FLAPPERS, JERSEYS, ETC. minus trademark trimmings - you know what that means.

ALEX. TAYLOR & CO.
ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS
16 E. 42D ST., N. Y. OPP. HO. MANHATTAN

Boys, when in New York use us for headquarters. Leave your grips here and say hello. Don't forget.

Fresh picked Violets and Carnations by mail a specialty

JOSEPH C. HAWORTH, Farmington, Conn.

MILLER

Theatrical Costumer

136 N. 7th Street

PHILADELPHIA

Costumes made to order or on hire for
Theatrical—Bal Masque or
Amateur Production

Special Prices to Yale Students

White Studio

1546 Broadway

THE FORD COMPANY

FOUNDED 1831

FOR MORE THAN THREE QUARTERS OF A CENTURY THIS HOUSE HAS MAINTAINED THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY IN GOLD AND SILVER

AS IMPORTERS OF GEMS PRECIOUS STONES WATCHES CHINA GLASS POTTERY AND ART PRODUCTIONS FROM THE CAPITOLS OF EUROPE THEY HAVE ACQUIRED AN UNRIVALLED REPUTATION

A COMPARISON OF PRICES QUALITY CONSIDERED IS ALWAYS WELCOMED VISITORS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT THEIR SHOW ROOMS AS PURCHASERS OR ADMIRERS

CHAPEL STREET BETWEEN COLLEGE AND TEMPLE FACING THE OLD NEW HAVEN GREEN

SMCL
3 5151 00219 8760